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Paul Bernard Seydel
Memorial

LA COQUETTERIE;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

“ La coquetterie ? c'est ce que les hommes méprisent, et ce qui les attire.”—*De Genlis.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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LA COQUETTERIE.

CHAPTER I.

— Fear not, he said,
Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless, and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection !

Thomson.

LADY DE CLIFFORD's arrangements were so well made that for several days Rosa and Monteith had never met. The latter now began to be aware that it was more than chance that thus separated them, and though he could not blame

the mother, he felt half inclined to be angry with the daughter, as it appeared to betray a coldness and indifference on her part that he was not prepared for. He had flattered himself that he was at least preferred to others, and when to his many vexations that of Rosa's indifference was added, he felt at times there was nothing worth living for. He little knew how much she, whom he thus condemned, was suffering, and how hard to poor Rosa proved the trial of banishing him from her thoughts. The weather had prevented her from taking any exercise, and Lady de Clifford, fancying she looked pale, proposed on the afternoon of a fine day her riding with her brother. She did this, from the security that Monteith had been engaged that day to accompany a party (made by Mrs. St. Leger) to the cascade at Coo. De Clifford had likewise been asked, but had excused himself, finding it more agreeable, as Lady de Clifford and Rosa suspected, to pass the morning at the Geronstère with Lady Emma. But as he never named to his mother and sister the object of

his frequent visits to that spa, they were also silent.

De Clifford, having no engagement that afternoon, willingly agreed to accompany his sister after their early dinner; and as soon as the heat of the sun had declined, they set off. Hugh and Rosa, both much occupied with their own thoughts, rode slowly up the Marteau, and de Clifford then, turning out of the high road, ascended the steep woody hill that overlooks it. As the road was only a mountain path-way for cattle, Rosa's pony slowly followed that of Hugh, occasionally stopping to browse from the branches of oak and beech that intercepted their path. Conversation was out of the question, and the heat of the evening was such, that Rosa felt happy she was not obliged to converse, but was allowed to be silent. They had proceeded a short distance, when de Clifford asked his sister if she did not hear voices, and the question was scarcely asked, when from a side path, leading to the road they were in, appeared Mr. St. Leger, Sophia, Marie, Mr. Bacon, and

Monteith. As they proposed joining their party, Hugh could not, without apparent rudeness, refuse ; and they were then told, on Rosa expressing to Sophia her surprise at seeing them, (having understood they were engaged to go with a party to Coo,) that her mother having a bad cold, had prevented the excursion taking place.

They continued to ride together in the unsociable manner I have already described, from the narrowness of the path-way, for more than a mile, when Mr. St. Leger wished to turn back. This was opposed by de Clifford, Marie, and Rosa, as the evening was delightful. It was then proposed and agreed to, that Marie should remain under the care of Rosa and her brother. Mr. Monteith, not considering an invitation necessary, remained likewise. On the St. Legers and Mr. Bacon turning their horses' heads towards Spa, the former perceived a heavy black cloud before him, which he had not previously observed, in consequence of its having risen in the opposite direction to that which

they had been going. He pointed it out to de Clifford, remarking it was coming up against the wind, and advised them not to extend their ride much further; as, from the heat of the atmosphere, he had little doubt it would prove a thunder-storm. But Hugh, not thinking it of any importance, did not attend to the warning, and they continued to ride slowly on, occasionally (when the road permitted it) engaged in conversation, and not exactly aware where they were going to. On coming out of a copse-wood, in which they had been wandering, they found themselves on the border of a wide common or heath, and they continued riding by the side of it, in preference to crossing it. Till then, the reflexion of the beams of a bright evening sun, setting in all its splendour, and tinting with its warmth of colour every object before them, had deluded them on; but now a dark shade suddenly appeared to intercept the red glare of the setting sun, and a bright flash of lightning, immediately followed by a loud clap of thunder, made them turn, and they beheld

the storm approaching with all the suddenness and frightful violence so common in that mountainous country, and so well known to its inhabitants. De Clifford and Monteith looked at each other, and each betrayed by his countenance the alarm he felt for those who were under their care. They attempted to return, but the increasing storm which they were facing prevented all possibility of doing it. Rosa's pale face too plainly expressed her fears, but Marie's terrors were ungovernable. She screamed with dread ; at one moment crossing herself, the next calling on her patron-saint to protect and defend her ; for, like most Catholics, she was much alarmed at thunder, and so uncontrollable were her fears that she appeared scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

In the mean time the storm became awfully terrific ; the lightning flashed before them like sheets of fire, and tremendous peals of thunder instantaneously followed. At length the horses refused to proceed, and Marie positively declared she would go no further, and, jumping off her

pony, she ran for shelter under a large oak-tree that was near the wood by which they were riding. In vain de Clifford and Monteith assured her it was the most dangerous situation she could place herself in. Overawed by her fears, reason had fled, and had no influence over her mind, and she became as wilful as Rosa was passive from fright.

De Clifford, in despair, at length said to Monteith, "It is in vain to argue or reason with a person who at this moment knows no guide but terror. But, though I may choose to endanger my own life to take care of her, I yet feel it cruel and selfish to endanger yours and Rosa's, by placing you both in the same dangerous situation;" for they had all collected round Marie under the oak-tree. "Make, therefore," continued Hugh, "the best of your way home with my sister, if possible; if not, find shelter if you can, any where but here. To you, Monteith, I intrust Rosa; guard and protect her, as you would a sister."

Monteith made no answer, but his look ex-

pressed all de Clifford wished ; it assured him that the trust reposed in him should be fulfilled. Then, going up to Rosa, he mentioned her brother's wishes ; and that, certain of the steadiness of both their horses, he had little doubt of soon finding a place of greater safety than Marie's fears had placed them in.

" Oh no, no," said Rosa ; " I cannot, will not leave my friend alone on this wild heath. Oh, do not ask me, Mr. Monteith, for I cannot and will not do it."

De Clifford, worn out with remonstrances, which were thrown away on Marie, could ill brook at this moment his sister's denial and disinclination to do what he considered essential to her safety, and, turning round, with a violence of manner and a vehemence of temper she was not accustomed to from him, he said,

" Rosa, I will admit of no denial, nay, I command you to do as I bid you. I will not allow your life to fall a sacrifice to the folly and ignorance of your friend."

During this altercation between the brother

and sister, Marie's tears and sobs were for the moment hushed, and it appeared as if Hugh's violence had overcome her's; for, on seeing Rosa preparing to leave her, she screamed out, "Oh, do not, do not leave me! I will go with Rosa! Do what you wish with me."

Hugh then persuaded her to mount her pony once more, and leave the shelter of the oak. With difficulty, however, could he get her on, from the repeated stops she made whenever a flash of lightning alarmed her. At length, Monteith, finding, from large drops of rain that were beginning to fall, that the storm would shortly burst over their heads, determined to act for himself and Rosa; and, telling her to sit steady, he took the curb rein from her hand, and putting her pony, as well as his own, into a canter, and from that into a gallop, he quickly crossed the common, or rather heath, towards the point he imagined led to Spa. On reaching it, he remarked a track, which he had not observed when passing that part of the road before

the storm ; he turned and took it, in preference to the copse, from the road being wider, and, on proceeding some distance further, he perceived through the gloom, for twilight had rapidly set in, a kind of shed by the side of the road. He stopped, and dismounting Rosa, he made her go in, and immediately bringing in the ponies after her, they found themselves comparatively sheltered from the tempest that raged without.

The hut they were in was roughly thatched with heath, and was apparently intended for cattle, or screening from wet the turf used as fuel by the poor of that country. But, though tolerably sheltered from the deluging storm of rain which fell in torrents, the lightning was seen from the entrance (there being no door) in all its horrors, the same as if they had been exposed to it out of doors. Rosa had seated herself at the extreme end of the shed, and hid her face in her hands. Monteith had been standing by the horses, half doubtful whether

he should approach her. At length, seating himself by her, he tried to reassure her in every possible way.

“ My dear Miss de Clifford,” said he, “ let us be thankful for the shelter we have gained, and think how fortunate we are not to be exposed to the storm of hail and rain which is falling. When I have crossed the line, to join my regiment in India, I have often witnessed storms infinitely more violent than this. You will easily imagine how much more terrific they must be at sea, where you depend entirely on the frail vessel that bears you.”

Rosa, while listening to Monteith’s account of the storms common to the Indian seas, and the dangers that attend those that navigate those seas, had almost forgotten for the moment the dangers that surrounded her, but she was brought to the recollection of them by a flash of lightning bursting upon them, the vivid brilliancy of which words are inadequate to describe. It completely illuminated the interior of the hovel, and was immediately followed by a clap

of thunder, that shook to its foundation the wretched building in which they were sheltered. For a second, Monteith conceived that the hut was falling in on them ; he caught Rosa in his arms, and his first idea was to escape with her from the shed. But he found her apparently lifeless within them. The succeeding moment, however, assured him all was safe, and that they might still trust to the building in which they had taken refuge, as the hovel appeared uninjured by the storm. But what to do with Rosa he knew not, and Monteith's fears rose to such a pitch, that he began to fancy she had been struck, and perhaps killed, by the lightning. He rubbed her cold inanimate hands, breathed on them, and, still hoping to hear the sound of her voice, he called on her, beseeching her to speak to him. “Rosa, dear beloved Rosa, tell me, only tell me you are unhurt. Dearest Miss de Clifford, speak, I conjure you!” And, in the agony of terror and horror he was in, he for several moments found himself incapable of thought and exertion. At length, he fancied

he remarked some appearance of returning animation, and, the violence of the storm having in some degree abated, he carried her to the entrance, in hopes the little air there was would contribute towards reviving her.

In a few moments, Rosa came a little to herself, but, either from the fright, or that the lightning had, in reality, slightly affected her, for more than a quarter of an hour she had the appearance of a person stunned by a blow or fall. Monteith was, however, too happy to see life restored to the object he was so devotedly attached to, to care much for the effects of the fright she had experienced ; and, however Rosa might have suffered, those sufferings were fully compensated by the care and attentions of Monteith, who found it impossible to repress his feelings, circumstanced as he then was ; and if the words “ I love ” did not escape from him, his looks and manner plainly expressed all he felt.

The storm was rapidly disappearing, and a fine blue sky, studded with the bright stars of

a summer's night, soon shewed itself. Mon-teith, therefore, decided to attempt to find his way back to Spa. He had no difficulty in ascertaining the direction he ought to take, but the fear was, whether he should be able to find a road, having deviated from the one they had originally taken. Determined not to venture into the copse, from its numerous paths, he continued in the same track that had led them to the shed. At the end of a quarter of a mile he perceived a wretched looking cabin ; he knocked and beat at the door, in hopes of procuring a guide in this wild uninhabited country. At length, a miserable looking being came to the entrance, having first ascertained, through a hole stuffed with straw, that served the purpose of a window, that they were evidently strangers from Spa. In hopes he might gain something from their well known liberality, (for the extreme poverty of the lower classes makes them in that country a deceitful selfish race,) he immediately opened the door of his cabin.

But here a new difficulty started ; for Monteith found it impossible, (from the man not understanding French and only speaking the patois of the country,) to make him comprehend what was required of him. At length, by signs he appeared to understand, and putting on some additional clothing, he set off at a quick walk, and in little less than an hour brought them to the top of the hill, which Monteith knew to be the one they had ascended early in the evening. Giving the man a remuneration for his trouble, far beyond any thing he had expected, he gave him to understand he required no further assistance, and they soon found themselves on the public chaussée.

Not wishing to interrupt the detail of this evening's adventure, I have not mentioned the fears and anxieties which Rosa and Monteith had both felt for the safety of Marie and Hugh. The latter had tried to calm in some degree Rosa's alarm, by assuring her he had little doubt they had been as successful as themselves. But Monteith, in reality, knew that in a country

so thinly inhabited, there was but little prospect that they had been able to shelter themselves from the tempest. As I hope my readers are as anxious as Rosa to know their fate, I will leave her with Monteith on their road to Spa, and return to where Marie and Hugh were left by them.

De Clifford, anxious not to expose Marie to the force of the storm, which he must have done had he taken the direction his sister had gone, determined to retrace the road they had come by the side of the copse-wood. Marie, whether frightened at the violence with which Hugh had addressed his sister, and in which he had once or twice included her, now appeared to receive scarcely any impression from external objects, and was passive and unresisting to his wishes, but at the same time, from her fears, perfectly unequal to act, much less think, for herself. De Clifford, therefore, walked by her and held her on her pony, his own quietly following; and being aware that those animals were so accustomed to find

their own way in the roads and paths of the mountainous country in which they were bred, he allowed them to take the track they liked best, and solely devoted himself to the care of the terrified Marie.

At this moment the storm of hail and rain commenced. To screen her if possible from it, he took off his coat and covered her with it, but his care was of little avail, as the light thin garments she wore were soon completely soaked with the rain.

Marie's pony having taken the opposite direction to the one Monteith had gone, (who had so boldly faced the storm,) de Clifford and Marie, from being on the opposite side of the mountain, had not felt the force of the lightning and thunder as severely as Rosa and Monteith had done in the hut,—and they had, in consequence, reached the high road by a less circuitous one than Monteith, but at a distance considerably further from Spa. De Clifford having been obliged to walk the whole way by Marie, they had lost a good deal of time, and they had

proceeded about half way up the Marteau when they heard a trotting of horses behind them. On their coming up, Hugh discovered, with a joy he had scarcely ever experienced, that it was his loved Rosa. He had dreaded, in case she was not returned, appearing before her mother without his sister ; for, though he felt he had acted in every way for the best, he feared Lady de Clifford might not think he had done right in parting from Rosa.

Marie, on being joined by her friend, was roused a little from the state of exhaustion, cold and wet, she was suffering from, and on reaching her hotel, de Clifford, after charging her to take care of herself, followed Rosa home ; where, thanking Monteith most cordially for his care of his sister, he changed his dress, and joined Lady de Clifford in the drawing-room.

Her alarm had been most great ; every servant had been despatched different ways with cloaks and umbrellas, but all had returned, without obtaining any intelligence of the party ; and, fortunately, it appeared by all accounts, that the

storm had only partially shewn itself at Spa, and had been drawn off, and burst with redoubled violence on the hills beyond the town.

After having talked over the misfortunes of the evening, they were happy to retire to their beds ; poor de Clifford's mental and bodily exertions having completely overcome him.

A violent head-ache obliged Rosa to keep *her* room the following day. But when Monteith called, to inquire after her, Lady de Clifford received him ; and with a warmth of manner, that had been latterly very unusual to her, thanked him for his care and attention to her daughter. De Clifford was the least sufferer of the party, as, although completely wet to the skin, yet, from the exercise of walking home, and the anxiety of his mind, his blood had been kept in that state of circulation which prevented his catching cold.

Not so with poor Marie. On sending to inquire about her, Lady de Clifford learnt with regret that symptoms of fever had shewn themselves, with increased cough, and, in conse-

quence, she was, by the desire of her physician, kept in bed. Lady de Clifford began to be seriously alarmed respecting her, and was most desirous her mother should return, whose absence had been lengthened from day to day. In the evening she again called, but the same equivocal answer was given by her French maid ; “ cela va un peu mieux, mais tout doucement, comme ça ;” and with this Lady de Clifford was obliged to be satisfied.

I will now, before I proceed any further, make my readers a little more *au fait* of some circumstances interesting to de Clifford, Elmsworth, and Monteith, which I have hitherto been prevented doing, from being unwilling to interrupt the detail of events, which have latterly occurred. I shall, therefore, begin with de Clifford, who, aware, from his father’s letter, that he would have no objection to the connexion with the Glanmore family, certain that in a very short time his grandfather’s property would devolve on him, and render him independent, with a disengaged heart and wishing

to marry, found himself, shortly after his acquaintance with Lady Elphinstone, much struck with the beauty and manners of Lady Emma Fairfax. The strict education she had received was, (by him who had witnessed so much immorality if not licentiousness among the higher classes in Italy,) rather approved than considered as an objection, and he soon voluntarily sought her society on every occasion, and even condescended to court the approbation of her stiff and disagreeable aunt, in hopes of making himself agreeable to the niece. But, notwithstanding his constant and daily visits to the Géronstère, he found himself still far distant from the object of his wishes, that of creating, and, if possible, securing, an interest in the heart of the fair Emma, whose mild and retired manners required to be drawn out, and her powers of conversation brought into action, by some one interested in her. But her aunt, from her excessive love of talking, generally engrossed de Clifford entirely to herself.

At length, tired of being thus obliged to

make the agreeable to the old lady, when the young one was the sole object of attraction, he fortunately discovered Lady Elphinstone's ruling foible, of which he took immediate advantage. It was that of talking of her complaints ; and, as the only few moments he could ever speak to Lady Emma unobserved were when her aunt left them to drink her two glasses of water, he one morning managed to reach the Geronstère before his friends ; and, having previously made an interest with the girl who served the water, he promised he would give her a frank for every five minutes she could detain the old lady, by engaging her to talk of her complaints, and telling her of the wonderful efficacy and virtues of the spa.

The girl was not slow of comprehension, and, nodding her head, with a knowing look, said, “*Oui, oui, Monsieur, j'entends ; nous arrangerons cela.*” And he had the satisfaction, after all this manœuvring, (which my readers may recollect he has before shewn himself an adept in,) of having Lady Emma's sweet converse to him-

self for a quarter of an hour. He was, of course, delighted with his success, and could with difficulty refrain from smiling on hearing Lady Elphinstone remark, when she returned to them, “That the girl at the well was singularly well-informed for her station in life.”

But the francs that daily poured into the girl’s pocket did not satisfy her cupidity, and she had eventually managed to persuade the old lady to take an additional glass of the water, for which of course de Clifford liberally paid her.

Lord Elmsworth, whom we have of late only slightly mentioned, had latterly, to Monteith’s extreme regret, been much addicted to play. His success early in the season had by degrees led him on, from one step to another, to seek in that animating but destructive pursuit a relief against *ennui*; and, unfortunately, at Spa, where there is little to be done of a morning, many young men, who have no inclination for gambling, are led from idleness to throw away their time, health, and money at the tables that

are open, (to every one indiscriminately who chooses to play at them,) both morning and evening. Perhaps, in Elmsworth, it had been slightly encouraged from a wish to find something to interest him. He had, very early in his acquaintance with her, admired Rosa ; her society pleased him ; her manners and conversation were agreeable to him ; and though not actually in love, a little appearance of interest in him on Rosa's side, would probably have brought him finally to that grand desideratum to most young ladies,—a proposal. But Rosa had on every occasion too clearly shewn her indifference to allow of his deceiving himself, and he was sufficiently her admirer, though not a lover, to distinguish very soon the person she liked and approved.

This, however he might and did consider Monteith as a sincere friend, had in some degree caused a coolness between them, and on Monteith once hinting to him his opinion of play, he resented it in a way that prevented his ever after naming the subject. Monteith hoped,

however, to make de Clifford try to detach him if possible from this new pursuit. But *he* was too much occupied with his own schemes and affairs, to care much for those of others, and when it was mentioned to him, decidedly said, he should not interfere, as Elmsworth at five-and-twenty was old enough to take care of himself, and if he chose to play the fool he must pay for his folly. I must, however, exculpate Hugh, in some degree, from this apparent indifference towards his friend. But, in fact, he never had professed the friendship for Elmsworth which he did for Monteith.

Of *him* we will now speak. His anxiety for the answer to his letter, (which was to decide his happiness or misery in life as he then thought,) began to be extreme. He had reckoned the exact time of its probable arrival, but several days had elapsed beyond the one he had calculated and fixed on, and as he knew his mother seldom left home, he could not account for her silence. At the same time he dreaded though he wished for the answer; for if it were not

satisfactory, he was compelled to acknowledge to himself, that honor, feeling, and even regard for her he most loved, rendered it an imperative duty in him immediately to leave Spa.

He had not seen Rosa since the night they had parted after their alarm, and he had, for the last two days, taken possession of a window at the library, which was partly overlooked by Lady de Clifford's apartments, in the hope he might see and meet her in her walks. But at that time a letter from Lord de Clifford had informed them that Lord Trelawney had been attacked by the threatened paralytic seizure, and was not expected to live beyond forty-eight hours. This intelligence had necessarily kept the de Cliffords much at home, though it had not prevented Hugh's daily visits to the Geronstère.

On Hugh's return one morning from his early ride, a foreign hand-writing on the direction of a letter caught his attention from several others lying on the table. He opened it, and the signature of Henessey, Danoot, & Co. soon informed him it was the long-expected letter.

After a few lines, expressive of regret that the information he had requested to have, had been so long delayed, the writer informed him “That the sums received on Lady Ellis’s account through Lafitte had, by her desire, been paid into the hands of Messrs. Vandergraes and Co., bankers and wine-merchants, at Liege, and concluded by recommending Mr. de Clifford applying personally to that gentleman, from whom, or from his successor in the business, he had no doubt he would receive the desired information.

Having no engagements that morning, Hugh determined to ride over to Liege, and make the inquiries himself. After breakfast he set off, and as he was not to come back until the following day, we leave him and return to Rosa, who, most anxious to see Marie, after taking leave of her brother, set out to visit her friend, as she had only been allowed to come down to the drawing-room the day before. On her way she met Monteith, who, coming up to her, addressed her in his usual animated manner,

and expressed the happiness he felt at seeing her look so well after the eventful evening they had last passed together.

Rosa was obliged to repress her own feelings, to avoid shewing how much she was pleased and gratified by the warmth of his expressions. She felt, likewise, that in allowing it she was tacitly breaking the promise made to her mother; and, accidentally looking towards the window of their drawing-room that overlooked that part of the road, she observed Lady de Clifford watching her. Monteith had taken her hand, which, till then, she had allowed him to retain; but drawing it slowly from his pressure, she, in cooler language than she wished, thanked him, and then mentioned to whom she was going. He offered to accompany her, and as she did not refuse, he turned round and walked with her to the Comtesse de la Roche Guyon's hotel.

Monteith appeared to feel Rosa's change of manner towards him, so different from what it was on that dreadful night, when the dangers

they had mutually shared, and mutually escaped, had made her entirely forego the reserve she had latterly shewn him. With a feeling of sorrow, which she could scarcely controul or conceal, poor Rosa remarked how much he seemed to feel her conduct, and that his pride half tempted him to resent it.

She found Marie on her sofa, and was shocked to see how ill and low-spirited she was. Rosa proposed sending for her work, and passing the morning with her, which offer was accepted with apparent pleasure. The conversation between these two young and amiable women, both so different in personal and mental acquirements, is sufficiently interesting for me to wish to relate it; but, (as my readers may have already observed,) Marie, though speaking English well, from her having lately mixed so much with the natives of that country, when much interested in her conversation, and eager in speaking, occasionally returned to her native language.

“ Dearest Marie,” said Rosa, “ how much I regret seeing you look so ill.”

“ Many thanks, ma bonne et douce amie, for the kind interest you express for me; I am, however, much better. But my mind is weakened by illness, as well as the body, and I now find it almost vain to struggle with feelings I am ashamed of, and which I successfully resisted, when in better health. But when the bodily strength fails, the mind must, in the natural course of things, sink with it.” This was said in a tone of voice so melancholy, that Rosa’s eyes filled with tears.

“ Oh say not so, dear Marie; you, so formed to love, and be beloved, and who are so highly gifted in every way, can never allow your mind to sink under the influence of feelings which your good sense, you allow, ought to make you strive to conquer.”

“ Ah! chère Rose! you talk like one who has never experienced the misery of knowing the man you love disdains you.” Rosa was

silent ; after a short pause, Marie continued, “ My home has latterly been far from a happy one. My mother’s character, temper, and disposition, appear to be completely changed. She is no longer the kind affectionate parent, even to indulgence, that I have ever (until lately) found her. Les liaisons qui faisoient le charme de ma jeunesse, et de l’interieur de ma famille, sont toutes rompues ; on ne songe qu’ à me marier, c’est l’unique soin de ma mère ; et a qui ? à un homme qui je deteste, et dont la patrie m’est odieuse ; enfin, un mariage de convenance, ou les inclinations ne sont pour rien. Ah ! si le sort m’avoit fait naître en Angleterre, peut-être qu’alors j’aurais été heureuse.”

“ But you must allow,” said Rosa, “ that Prince Soblokow is considered a most amiable man, and probably had you not had a preference for another, your heart would not have been so cold towards him ; and perhaps,” added Rosa, looking down at her work, “ as you acknowledge that those you do like do not feel the

same sentiments for you, surely time and patience may do much for poor Prince Alexis."

Marie turned her large full intelligent eye upon her, and then, shaking her head, mournfully sung these lines in a low tone of voice:—

“ Ah ! d'une ardeur sincère
Le temps ne peut distraire ;
Et nos plus doux plaisirs
Sont dans nos souvenirs.”

“ I must think, dear Marie, you are wrong in thus encouraging and giving way to these low spirits; for, indeed, they are only what you know in my country are called the blue devils.”

“ You know not, mon amie, how many causes I have for low spirits. I cannot express to you how much I dread my mother's return; which, *Dieu merci!* has been delayed, in consequence of the Corbinellis, de Méry, Prince Alexis, and the Schombergs, passing a few days with them at Aix-la-Chapelle. They all return to-morrow evening, and I am preparing myself to resist a

parent's wishes, who never, since the earliest period of my life, refused to gratify every inclination and desire of her much loved Marie. But she appears to be totally indifferent to my future happiness. *Et pourvu que le Prince Alexis me donne sa main et son nom, elle ne se soucie pas du triste avenir que cet union promets à sa fille. Mais, enfin ! la vie suit son cours, ses illusions s'affaiblissent, et la mort bientôt nous degage de toutes les vanités de cette vie mondaine.*"

"I positively," replied Rosa, "will not allow you to talk thus; therefore, I shall try and cheer you by conversing on some other subject, and will first give you my brother's message, who, finding you were allowed to see your friends, intended passing an hour with you this morning. He was, however, suddenly obliged to go to Liege on business, but he intends calling on you to-morrow, on his return from thence. My mother, likewise, desired me to tell you that had she not understood Madame la Comtesse was soon expected back, she should have

taken you under her management, and have made you attend more to your health; in short, should have kept you under the same discipline as if you were her daughter."

"Ah! que j'aime ce doux nom de fille!" exclaimed Marie, "remerciez la, chère et bonne amie, de toutes ses bontés;" then, taking two beautiful moss-roses from a vase filled with flowers, standing on the table near her, and which she had been arranging, she added, "Elle aime les fleurs. Donne lui cette rose de ma part; les fleurs sont en France l'hommage de la piété filiale, et dites lui, je t'en prie, que j'aime à recevoir ainsi les témoignages d'une sollicitude maternelle. L'autre est pour toi, chère amie; la beauté emprunte son éclat des fleurs."

Rosa received the flowers, and affectionately embraced her friend, with whom she remained some time longer, and was gratified in perceiving that her society had appeared to benefit and enliven the invalid, whose cough had considerably increased from mis-management and want of care, since Rosa had last seen her.

CHAPTER II.

By steps progressive fades the sense of right ;
We linger still, while Virtue is in sight :
Not with one check her mild upbraidings cease,
Nor soon forgot her paths that lead to peace ;
Silence and solicitude recal her charms,
And, waked by fear, our prudence takes alarms.

The Man of Ton.

WE will now accompany Hugh to Liege. After a hot ride of four or five hours, he arrived there, and soon discovered the residence of the person he was in search of. But de Clifford had forgotten the early hours of the people he was now among, and learnt with some vexation that Monsieur Vandergraes was gone out to dinner, and would not return until eight o'clock in the evening. He was, therefore, obliged to leave a note, requesting to see him at nine o'clock the

next morning. How little was he aware of the extraordinary and unlooked-for events that would occur the following day! But let us not anticipate.

He had been so constantly disappointed in all his inquiries, that even here he did not expect to learn what he wished, and he found himself at the wine-merchant's door, expecting as heretofore disappointment. He was received by Monsieur Vandergraes in his private room, and de Clifford presented Mr. Henessey's letter. He, immediately after reading it, entered on the subject with the greatest openness and good humour, and informed him he perfectly remembered the transaction, as he was the person who had managed the whole business; but that he was only an agent, not a principal, having been employed by a Monsieur Dulot, of Spa, who, he added, was well known to the English there, as he was a kind of banker, and that he had always understood that the lady for whom he acted was a friend of his.

“ Good God!” exclaimed Hugh, “ have I

then been living for weeks within a few doors of a man who could have given me the information I have been vainly seeking for months ?”

“ Cela arrive quelquefois,” said the fat Liegois, shrugging up his shoulders, “ mais patience ! on n’arrive pas à son but au moment qu’on le desire ; il faut se contenter en attendant. Monsieur, y a t’il autre chose, en quoi je puis vous être utile ?” and with advice for patience, which de Clifford never felt less inclined to follow than he did at that moment, they mutually wished each other good morning.

Returning to his hotel, he ordered his horse, and scarcely touching the breakfast laid for him, he mounted it as soon as it was ready, and in a few hours reached Spa. His mother and sister were out, and his eager curiosity and anxiety were such, that he could not resist immediately writing to Monsieur Dulot, requesting to see him as soon as possible, on business of importance. In ten minutes he received the following answer to his note :

“ Monsieur Dulot a l’honneur de faire ses

compliments à Monsieur de Clifford, se trouvant fort incommodé, il n'a pas encore quitté son appartement, mais dans une demie heure il aura l'honneur de recevoir Monsieur de Clifford."

This half hour was passed by de Clifford in a state of agitation and irritation, impossible to describe; at one time he thought of loitering the time away with Marie. But he felt unequal to converse with any one. At last, the minutes, which appeared endless, were nearly passed, and he reckoned that by the time he reached Monsieur Dulot's house the half hour would have expired. He accordingly set off, and was ushered into a room, where an old man received him, dressed in a loose robe de chambre, and a silk-wadded night-cap. He evidently appeared disappointed, when, instead of requesting money, on which a heavy percentage is always kept back, he found de Clifford only required a direction to a lady whom he understood Monsieur Dulot was acquainted with. Hugh then mentioned the name of Lady

Ellis, and requested to know where she now was. The old man answered, smiling,

“ Il n'y aura pas de difficulté là-dessus, Monsieur ; mais vous ne savez, donc, pas qu'elle est mariée depuis long temps, et à un de mes amis.”

“ Married !” exclaimed Hugh, with surprise, “ and to whom ?”

“ A Monsieur le Comte de la Roche Guyon,” replied Dulot ; “ la ci-devant Miladi Ellis est la Comtesse Roche Guyon, et vous la connaissez, je crois, très bien.”

Had a pistol-shot gone through de Clifford's head, the shock could not have been greater, or the effect more sudden, than this intelligence had on him. His head sank on the table on which he was leaning, and for several minutes recollection appeared gone. The poor old man, alarmed at the appearance of his visitor, and the sudden change that had taken place in his countenance, ran about the room, calling to his housekeeper, Mademoiselle Mimi, for his keys ; then, at last, finding them in the pocket

of his robe de chambre, he opened a corner cupboard, and producing some old Madeira wine, poured a large glass down de Clifford's throat, who was almost unconscious of what was passing.

At length he in some degree recovered himself, but it was some time before he was sufficiently well to answer the eager inquiries of the old banker. When recollection began to return, who can describe the feelings of de Clifford, of the injured, the neglected son ! He had, then, been living on terms of intimacy with *her* whom he had most dreaded meeting ; *her* whose guilty conduct had brought shame and dishonour on all who were allied to her ; and he felt at the thought all the bitterness, the contempt, the anger, that was likely to arise in a mind so constructed as Hugh's. It even for a moment overwhelmed those feelings of natural affection, that were rising in his breast. “ Mother ! ” he repeated to himself, “ and is she not my mother ? ”

Where is the child, the son or daughter, who can resist that tender epithet ? It harmonized

all the discordant feelings which jarred within him. But at once a sudden thought flashed across his mind. Who, then, was Marie ? her daughter certainly, and equally his sister ; but was she the child of guilt, or was she the daughter by her present husband ? Suddenly raising his head, and answering the old man's questions as to how he felt himself, he attributed his faintness, as he called it, to having left Liege without eating his breakfast that morning, and having taken so much exercise fasting. He then requested Monsieur Dulot to inform him if Mademoiselle de St. Quentin were not the daughter of Sir Charles Ellis ? "She is," he answered, "as when her mother married Le Comte de la Roche Guyon she was, I believe, two or three years old ; mais," added he, "elle étoit si délicate et si petite, qu'à peine pouvoit on lui donner cet âge là."

All doubt on the subject now vanished, and Hugh, again leaning his head on his hands, recalled to mind the fraternal affection he had long felt for the sister he had been living so inti-

mately with, without being aware of the relationship.

Whilst a confusion of ideas was passing in his mind, which to trace or define is impossible, the prolix and communicative Monsieur de Dulot was relating to de Clifford, (on his hinting a wish to be informed of it,) the history of Lady Ellis's acquaintance and subsequent marriage with the Comte de la Roche Guyon. I think it better to shorten the story, and shall give the narrative in my own words.

Soon after Sir Charles's death, Lady Ellis had been recommended to take the Spa waters, and soon after her arrival, she became acquainted with the Comte, who was likewise there for his health. He had been a few years before severely wounded in an engagement, and had been taken to a house, where Dulot was residing with a married sister. The wounded officer received every attention, whilst he remained with them, and the friendship with Dulot had continued ever since, notwithstanding the different situations they held in life.

The acquaintance between Lady Ellis and the Count soon became more intimate ; her large fortune, and still handsome person, were great attractions to a young man, who had by the revolution lost all his estates in France, and was now only possessed of a chateau in Germany, (with little or no property belonging to it,) which he inherited from his mother. Lady Ellis was also well disposed to drop a name already too well known, and in a short time they were married. She had previously employed Dulot, (who, having been brought up to commerce, understood business,) to draw out of the hands of Lafitte the money he had of hers, as the Comte wished it to be placed out advantageously in the funds of his own country. But it happened that at that time Dulot's favourite sister was at the point of death. Obliged to go to her, he put the business into the hands of an acquaintance at Liege, Monsieur Vandergraes, who, through Danoot's banking house, in a short time transferred the money to Dulot. Thus, accidentally, this transaction was managed so as

to give it all the appearance of a concerted plan, when in fact it was not. For Lady Ellis, aware of her father's marriage, never conceived she should again be called to the situation she had forfeited by her misconduct, that of inheriting his title, and she trusted to the lengthened war with England, her change of name and person, (for after her marriage she resided for many years at the old chateau in Germany,) there being few English familiés at that time on the continent, and she hoped that, by having no communication with her own countrywomen, she should remain unknown, and perhaps by degrees be forgotten as Lady Ellis. I will not enter much further into her history, as it will be related hereafter; nor will I describe her feelings on meeting de Clifford at Florence, and on the apparent attachment her son and daughter very early appeared to feel for each other. Her fears on the latter head were set at rest soon after she arrived at Paris, by Marie acknowledging a preference for Monteith. She had early informed her daughter, under a promise of

keeping it secret, that she was the daughter of a first husband ; as she was fearful that some of the Count's relatives might, unknown to her, inform her of it.

Dulot could, of course, only give de Clifford the outlines of what I have been repeating, who, thanking him for his information, soon after prepared to leave him. He looked at his watch, and, finding it later than he expected, determined to go home, in hopes of finding his mother returned, as he was anxious to inform her of the extraordinary intelligence he had gained. But our best intentions are often thwarted by the slightest accident ; for, as he was walking towards the hotel de Soissons, deeply brooding over all he had heard, and considering how it could be broken to Marie, and scarcely aware he was passing her hotel, he heard her sweet voice calling him from the opposite side of the street. On looking up, he saw her at her window, their drawing-room being on the ground-floor and level with the street. He immediately went to her, and as he stood at

the window, hastily inquired if she was alone, and could receive him for half an hour. “ Certainly,” replied Marie. He entered, and on opening the drawing-room door, said—

“ Will you oblige me by denying yourself to all visitors ?” She looked surprised, but acquiesced, saying, “ I do not expect any one, but will do what you wish;” and, ringing the bell, gave the order to the servant who answered it. While she was doing this, de Clifford was walking up and down the room, scarcely knowing what he was about, when Marie, going up to him, affectionately said,

“ Mon ami, vous avez des chagrins ? Ah, dites les moi, afin que je les partage.”

De Clifford seized her offered hand, and kissed it repeatedly, with an emotion he could not control.

“ Now tell me,” said Marie, looking at him expressively, “ what you wish to say. I am sure it must be very interesting, by the agitation it causes; cannot I guess to whom it refers ?”

“ No, Marie, you cannot, for it interests not

the person you allude to. But it is a long story, and relates principally to myself; will you, then, have patience to hear of events long since past, and that occurred in the early part of my life, which, unless they were told, you would but ill comprehend what I am desirous of informing you of."

"*De la patience, mon amie ! m'en faudra-t-il ?*" replied the warm-hearted Marie. "Do you think I shall require it, when I am to listen to what is so obviously interesting to you. Begin, therefore, I entreat; for you have roused all my female curiosity."

While she was speaking, de Clifford looked at her. For the first time he remarked the change that had taken place in her appearance, the sickly delicacy of her complexion, and the apparent weakness of her frame. He now began to dread that what he had to tell her might affect her in a way injurious to her health; he got up again in an agitated manner, and walked about the room for several minutes, repeating in an under voice to himself, "It

must be told ; she must know it, and why not now ? ”

I believe all will allow, and probably have felt, the eager desire of communicating intelligence interesting to ourselves ; but more particularly to those who are equally interested with us. You may remark it at all ages, in childhood as well as manhood. For seldom does a parent return to his home, after a short absence, without his children flying to meet him, all eager for the first kiss, but all equally eager to relate the news, that to their young and artless minds appear so full of interest ; and all anxious that their father should participate with them in the grief or pleasure it has occasioned. It is only age that cools this hot blood within us, and sobers our judgment. Hugh had not yet arrived at this (I will not call it happy) temperature of feeling, and, like the children I have described, was anxious that Marie should partake alike his joy and sorrow. Besides, he longed to claim her as a sister ; and, all these selfish feelings preponderating, he determined

at once gently to break to her the fraternal tie that united him to her.

He again seated himself by her on the sofa, and, again taking her hand, said—

“ You have promised me patience, Marie ; I fear I am going to put it to the test. In speaking of myself, I must commence from my earliest years. You are not, perhaps, aware that from an early period of my life I was deprived of a mother’s fostering care.”

“ I know it, mon ami,” answered Marie. “ Death, I understand, removed her to a better world, shortly after your birth.”

“ Not so, Marie. But you must listen to my story. I was near two years old when my mother, who had never been particularly partial to me, gave birth to a daughter, a lovely but sickly infant, who soon engrossed all her mother’s care, as well as her affections. My father was equally fond of this sweet child, and hoped this new tie would detach his wife from the seductions of a world to which she had hitherto been devoted. My grandfather, Lord

de Clifford's long and lingering illness obliged my father to absent himself a great deal from his family, to attend to him. During that period, a man whom he had once considered as his friend, took that opportunity of seducing his wife from her home, and her duty to him. On returning to his residence in London, he found her gone, with her infant daughter, whom she claimed as the child of ——” De Clifford here paused—he was going to say guilt; but, recollecting how such an expression might hurt Marie's feelings, when *all* was disclosed, he added, “ of Sir Charles Ellis, the man who had deluded her from her husband. The laws of our country, as well as our religion, permit of divorce in such cases. In the former, my father found in some degree redress for his wrongs, and he shortly after married again. For years the fate of the unhappy woman to whom I owed my birth was unknown, and all that was heard respecting her was, that, becoming heiress to great wealth, she married her seducer, and resided abroad.

“ I am now coming to that part of my story which is the most painful to relate. Excuse me, therefore, Marie, from attempting to suppress emotions which are uncontrollable. The death of Lord Trelawney’s two sons, and his own state of health, has lately made it necessary to enquire the fate of my mother ; as, the title of Trelawney descending to her, it was indispensable to ascertain whether she was alive or dead ; as in case of the latter, the title devolved to me as her representative. Do I make myself understood ?” asked de Clifford, wishing, by asking this question, to delay the moment when all must be revealed.

“ Perfectly,” answered his fair companion, who appeared to take the deepest interest in what he was telling her. Hugh then continued.

“ In Italy and various towns on the Continent, where Lady Ellis was supposed to have resided, inquiries were made, but without success. At Paris, however, a clue was given, and at Brussels we hoped to learn what we wished. But there the person who could have given us the

information was absent, and it was only yesterday I received a letter from him, referring me to a gentleman at Liege, who again referred me to a Monsieur Dulot here, from whom I have gained all the information I desired.” — De Clifford paused.—

“ Ah, now I understand,” said Marie, “ the cause of your agitation. You have found a mother, and perhaps a sister.”

“ I have found both, Marie, and learnt what I least expected to hear.”

“ And what did you hear?” said Marie inquisitively.

“ Marie, I have heard that my mother, after the death of Sir Charles Ellis, married again—a foreigner and a German—and that she had educated and brought up her daughter under another name, and as the supposed daughter of the German Count she had married :—that she had given up her country, her religion, her family,—she had none who would receive her,” —he added in a bitter tone of voice, which he afterwards regretted having been tempted to

say ; he, however, again continued—" in consequence of her union with——"

There was in the latter part of the story a something, that, without knowing why, appeared to attach a kind of personal interest to Marie, and with a perturbation of manner, and a disturbance of mind, that fully equalled Hugh's agitation, she asked in a quick and hurried voice, " With whom ? — Oh, tell me with whom ?"

De Clifford looked at her for a few moments, " Marie," he replied, " it is alas ! a name but too well known to you." Marie appeared almost speechless ! " It is—Roche Guyon !—and Marie—is my sister !"—

She sunk on his shoulder. Ah ! who can or could describe the various and the mingled feelings that agitated this too sensitive and unfortunate girl. Happily, an instantaneous and violent flood of tears relieved her almost bursting heart. Will my readers cry shame on my hero, when I add, that down his manly cheeks the tears coursed each other and intermingled

with those of his unhappy sister. Many, many moments passed before either could recover sufficiently to speak.

“ C'est un songe !” Marie kept repeating, putting her hand alternately to her head and heart. “ Ah, mon frère ! how dearly is that loved name purchased ! Who will love me now—rejected by your father, even your sister will disdain me ! Oh, it will be hard, most hard to bear ! And my poor mother ! Oh, how came I thus selfishly to forget *her* !”

“ Talk not of her,” said de Clifford, rather impatiently ; “ but let me only think of the dear and beloved relative, so long enthusiastically admired, that circumstances now allow me to claim as a sister. Well can I now understand the brotherly love and friendship I have felt for you ever since we became acquainted !”

Thus did this amiable young man try, by affection and kindness, to make Marie forget, if possible, the guilty source from whence their relationship was derived. But that was morally impossible. If forgotten *one* moment, it

was recalled by some word incautiously uttered *the next* by de Clifford, who, finding it was growing late, was obliged to leave her, and entreating she would retire early, and avoid all conversation with her mother that evening, he went home, where he found that dinner had been waiting for him some time.

He hurried to dress, and soon appeared in the drawing-room, where his wan looks too plainly told Lady de Clifford something had occurred which had much distressed him.

They had scarcely seated themselves at table, when a large packet was put into de Clifford's hand, sealed with black. It at once announced the intelligence which the contents conveyed, and on looking at the direction, he saw written in the corner, "*per favor of Lord Glanmore.*" On opening it, he found it contained two letters, marked No. 1 and 2. The first simply mentioned Lord Trelawney's death a few hours after the former letter had been despatched, in which he informed them of the paralytic attack. No. 2 was as follows :—

“ Dear Hugh, my last letter that would have informed you of your grandfather’s decease, was mislaid by the negligence of a servant, and unfortunately omitted to be sent. I was going to forward it by post, inclosed in this, when Lord Glanmore this morning sent to offer to take any letters. As he sets out to-morrow, I shall, therefore, send it by him.

“ I am now enabled to give you information which may be satisfactory to you. In the first place, your grandfather has left you all his landed property, but strictly entailed on your second son or daughter, if you should have one. He has left me residuary legatee, and sole executor, which puts me in possession of more than £20,000, and thus enables me to provide for Henry and Rosa, without your cutting off the entail of the de Clifford property, which you intended doing on Henry’s coming of age.

“ I have not found the parcel named by Griffiths; I may perhaps have overlooked it in the multiplicity of papers; but I am inclined to think he mistook Lady Ellis’s hand-writing.

I have, however, found a copy of her uncle's will, and a most extraordinary one it appears to be. He leaves her all his fortune, to the amount of near £70,000, on condition that she and her heirs assume his name of St. Quentin; but in case she marries a man with a title, either baronet or peer, who should object to take the name, it was then to be assumed by her heir or heiress. The old man appeared determined his name should not be lost in oblivion."

On reading this part of his father's letter, de Clifford paused.—“Good God!” he exclaimed silently, “is it possible we could have remained so long ignorant of a circumstance, which, if earlier known, would probably have led to our suspecting what imagination never could have conceived probable, or even possible?”—After some little thought, he again continued the perusal of the letter.

“ You have given me a wild-goose chase after the Mrs. Ellice whose history and direction you sent to me. Lord Glanmore's solicitor has answered my letter, and assures me, *she* is not

the person I suspected her to be; and that her connections are unknown to my family.

“ The funeral will take place in two days, as it is necessary the body should be speedily buried. I shall, as soon as that melancholy duty is paid, immediately set off for London. You may, therefore, expect to see me a very short time after you receive this, as I am all anxiety to be again re-united to my family. I enclose a letter for Lady de Clifford, and believe me your affectionate father,

DE C—.”

I will, in the following chapter, give the conversation that passed between Hugh and Lady de Clifford on the events of the morning, as it is too interesting to be placed at the end of this.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, Love, indeed, is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught ;
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul !

Lord Byron.

AFTER dinner, on a hint being given to Rosa to leave the room, Hugh informed Lady de Clifford of every thing that had occurred since he had left her the day before. Her astonishment was extreme, and she was almost tempted to say like Marie, “ C'est un songe !” She could now account for the unreasonable dislike which

the Comtesse had very early appeared to take to her and Rosa, yet she could not but allow her feelings were natural, and that, under the same circumstances, she should probably have felt and acted as she had done. But Lady de Clifford severely blamed Hugh for thus prematurely informing his sister of all the circumstances attending her birth ; as, independent of her state of health, she thought he ought to have waited for his mother's return, and have allowed her to break it to her daughter.

The probability of Lord de Clifford's immediate return was also satisfactory, as events were daily occurring which made his presence most necessary, and in which Lady de Clifford felt most unwilling to act without his sanction and authority. She determined, therefore, that for the present Rosa should remain ignorant of all that had passed. Lady de Clifford now warmly congratulated Hugh on the independence and handsome residence and fortune which his grandfather's death had assured to him, and

added, with a smile, that she suspected it would not be long before Trelawney-Castle would boast of a mistress.

De Clifford coloured, and then, with his usual frankness, said, “ My dear mother,” (as he constantly called her,) “ I will acknowledge ideas of that kind have certainly in my leisure moments occupied my thoughts, and that a certain degree of love is playing round my heart. If I could but ascertain that the sweet creature had one-half the interest for me which I feel for her, I am not sure but that you would find me far gone on the road to matrimony. But *la laide tante* (as I call her) is one of those earthly plagues sent down to curse us poor mortals, and punish us for our sins. Her nonsense and talking are enough to drive any one mad. But still I go on, like a martyr at the stake, and, like Jacob, serve my apprenticeship for the lovely Rachel.”

“ Sincerely do I wish you success, my dearest Hugh,” replied Lady de Clifford; “ and if I am to judge of the probability of it from my

opinion of you, I should say there is little fear of your hopes not being realized. But surely, now Lord Glanmore is come, a hint to him from your father might allow of things being better managed."

"Heaven forefend," exclaimed Hugh, "any thing of the kind! No, I wish for no father to influence in any way the sentiments of his daughter towards me. You, my dear Madam, cannot know or understand the ecstatic feelings of a man, when he first creates an interest in the heart of a young girl like Emma Fairfax, uninitiated in the ways of the world, and devoid of all its selfish motives of action. No, I almost think, that if I suspected her father influenced her in the slightest manner, I should be off; for I acknowledge, however hackneyed the lines are, with me

"Love, free as air, at sight of *human ties*,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies."

I see your reproving look—but *you* take the lines in the sense *I* do not wish to give them; I

only approve of them as far as the heart is concerned, and *where* the *ties* of kindred, and those ties connected with the *world*, (by which I mean rank, title, and fortune,) are allowed, as they constantly are, to influence the young ladies of the present day in the choice of a husband, when the latter too often form the sole attraction of a man with your sex."

" Do you recollect," said Lady de Clifford, interrupting him, " what Marie said to you the other day? ' Vous croyez avoir fait une étude profonde du cœur des femmes. C'est un chimère; les hommes ne nous connaissent point.' The remark was most true; and if we were all to act according to the rules you thus prescribe for our conduct, if we were only to consult the feelings of our wayward hearts, the first great duties that are inculcated and impressed on our young minds would be given up to our own selfish views of happiness, instead of our consulting those to whom we are bound, by the very *ties* you presume to disregard, *those of kindred*. As a lover you may think thus; but

as a parent, my dear Hugh, you would not. In the former character, you have nothing to counterbalance the happiness you have in view. You are independent in fortune, with rank in perspective, handsome in figure”—here Hugh bowed to Lady de Clifford, with a comical expression of countenance, as much as to say, “*I know it*”—“amiable, sensible, and well-informed. The woman must, indeed, be blind, who does not see you as you deserve. For mind,” added Lady de Clifford, “I have put all your faults in the back ground, or, as your brother Henry would say, in the rear; those are never reckoned in Love’s Lexicon. But now, my dear Hugh, I will place a very different picture before you. Monteith is, I believe, infinitely more attached at this moment to Rosa than you are to Lady Emma. What would you think of the friend, and of the sister, who, acting on your principles, could forget all their relative duties, for the sole object of gratifying a weakness, (if I may be allowed at my age so to call the passion of love,) which in their situation

would entail poverty and perhaps misery on themselves and their offspring? Seldom have our sex the power of consulting the feelings of their heart. Allow us, then, dear Hugh, at least the merit of doing our duty by acting up to the wishes of those we are bound to ‘honour and obey.’ The field is, believe me, a barren one, and seldom is happiness to be gained from the blighted crop it produces.”

After a few moments’ consideration, de Clifford said, “You have, my dear Madam, amongst my numberless faults, (which, by the bye, I beg you will not enumerate to Lady Emma,) often told me I never acknowledged myself in an error. I will now begin by correcting myself of that one; and in this case, I will own I am wrong, and that you are right. Indeed, you have almost made me a convert to the good old system of courting, when our grandfathers first arranged the settlements, and then informed their sons or daughters they were to fall in love. *I* shall certainly, (however I may reprobate it as far as regards myself,) adopt it with my children; as,

by Lord Trelawney's will, I find it settled I am to have at least a certain number."

" As you are already so far gone in the duties of matrimony," said Lady de Clifford, smiling, " pray tell me something of the fair lady who is to be a partner in promoting all these plans of yours; for, at present, the little I know of her, is chiefly from your father's letters. How came she under the guardianship of that odious looking woman?"

" The guardianship," replied de Clifford, " is only a temporary one. There is one advantage, at least, gained from Lady Elphinstone's constant alarum of tongue, that, from her extreme communicativeness, you learn every thing you wish to know. I find from her that the late Mrs. Fairfax (for she died before her husband came to the title) lost her health and the use of her limbs from a bad confinement. Her daughter Emma, then sixteen, attended her with affectionate solicitude for more than a year, scarcely ever leaving her; and her education was continued under her mother's eye, who was,

I understand, a lovely and charming woman, very different from her half-sister Lady Elphinstone, who was several years older. Under this amiable and suffering parent, Emma Fairfax learnt those essential virtues that form the groundwork of the female character. She possesses not the bright talents and glittering accomplishments of the dear and unfortunate Marie; but, however admired by the world, I have now learnt to consider them of little advantage to the possessor, as it too often, I fear, produces the love of display. This is all, my dear madam, I can tell you of Lady Emma. Of her lovely countenance and figure, and her pleasing manners, you, from being acquainted with her, can judge for yourself."

Here ended this most interesting conversation both to Hugh and Lady de Clifford, and as the curiosity of the latter, in regard to Lady Emma, may be shared by some of my readers, I will relate what occurred at the Geronstère on the following morning.

Hugh, as usual, took his morning ride in that

direction, and, on meeting Lady Emma, was at first annoyed, and then a little angry, at perceiving averted eyes, cold manners, and all those symptoms of displeasure which young ladies know so well how to display to those who they are aware admire them. But what had at first annoyed de Clifford soon became rather a source of gratification and pleasure. For, on his mentioning that he had been absent two days from Spa, Lady Elphinstone said—

“ So I understand. But Emma saw you yesterday call on Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, and she rather expected you would have come to us afterwards ; but, by Emma’s account, you paid *your friend*”—pausing on the word friend—“ such a long visit, that we went to dinner before you had left her.”

De Clifford recollects that Lady Elphinstone’s lodgings were opposite the Comte Roche Guyon’s apartments, and at once discovered the cause of the cool reception he had met with that morning. He looked at Lady Emma with sparkling eyes, expressive of the pleasure he

felt at suspicions so flattering to him. She blushed and looked down, apparently much provoked with her aunt for being so communicative, who, not aware of the feelings of her niece, and fond of hearing herself talk, continued, “ Pray, how did you find Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ? She appears to me very ill ; it is really shameful in her mother leaving her thus by herself. And, by all accounts, she is not particularly steady, either in conduct or manners.”

“ You forget, madam,” replied Hugh, gravely, “ that she is *my friend*,” pausing, as Lady Elphinstone had done, on the word ; “ and allow me to assure you, whoever gave you that account of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was in an error, and must have been unacquainted with her.”

“ Very likely, very probably,” said the talkative old lady, “ but I really had forgot she was your friend, and beg your pardon for what I said of her. Though I must think the best proof of your friendship would be to recommend

her having better advice than the old doctor who now attends her, and has himself one foot in the grave. For my part, from what I hear, I should say she was far gone in a consumption; for my friend Lady Charteris, who has apartments in the same house, and whose bedroom joins to Mademoiselle's, told me, yesterday, that she really must change her lodging, for she has never closed her eyes since she has been there, from the constant coughing at night of her neighbour."

During the latter part of this speech, which was spoken rapidly by Lady Elphinstone, in her usual style of talking, de Clifford changed colour; he started, and said, "Good God, madam, you do not surely think so? There *cannot* be any danger of the kind you apprehend; it must, it can, only be a suspicion of Lady Charteris, without any foundation."

" My dear sir," answered Lady Elphinstone, " I am sorry thus to have alarmed you; but you know the old proverb, 'forewarned is to be forearmed.' But I really must repeat, I

have said only what I think. God bless me!” added she, looking at her watch, “I have exceeded my half-hour by ten minutes. I must go and take my second glass. Emma, wait here for my return.”

But de Clifford did not intend she should do any thing of the kind, and trusted to the good management of the girl at the well detaining her ladyship. On her aunt’s departure, Lady Emma continued the conversation, and good-naturedly remarked, “I did not venture to say so before my aunt, who is very partial to Lady Charteris, but as you are unacquainted with that lady, I think it fair to mention, as you seem so interested about Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, that, from Lady Charteris’ love of gossip, I am inclined to doubt sometimes the extent of what she says. Therefore, do not be alarmed at what my aunt has told you, though I fear *your friend* is far from well.”

“A thousand thanks, Lady Emma, for relieving me in some degree from the anxiety I feel. But though I allow your aunt thus to

name Mademoiselle de St. Quentin to me, *you* must know that it is only friendship that I feel for her, and I will tell *you*, what I wish *not* to be repeated at present to any one, that *my friend* Marie is, by her mother's first marriage, nearly related to me. Now that *I* have told you this, I shall expect *you* to tell me why you received me so coldly, and I may say unkindly, this morning. Do not attempt to deny it," continued he, taking her hand, "for even if that lovely mouth ventured to tell an untruth, those sweet bewitching tell-tale eyes would still turn informer."

"I really, Mr. de Clifford, am not accustomed to be catechised in this way," replied Lady Emma, gravely attempting to withdraw her hand, which he notwithstanding retained.

"And do you still intend to keep up this cold freezing manner towards me, which forbids my expressing all I think, all I wish to say, and all I feel for you?"

"Really," answered Lady Emma, scarcely able to repress a smile at his enthusiastic style

of addressing her, “ it appears to me such an heterogeneous combination of sentiments, that I fear my weak intellects will never be able to elucidate them for you. Had you not better,” she added, with a sly look, “ apply to my aunt.”

“ And have you really the cruelty to send me to Lady Elphinstone, when *you* know full well I only seek her society in the hope of enjoying yours ?”

“ You forget that Lady Elphinstone is *my aunt*,” retorted Lady Emma. “ I am sorry you thus compel me to remind you of it, as you did her in regard to your friend Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.

“ Well, be it so ; but is it kind in you, during the few short moments allowed me to converse with you, thus to cavil at every word and expression I may unluckily blunder on ? And why are you to call what I feel for you an heterogeneous combination of sentiments ? If you find it so difficult to elucidate them, allow me to explain them to you.”

“ You had better not,” said Lady Emma, colouring, and quickly withdrawing her hand,

but allowing him time to raise it to his lips, “unless you wish the explanation to be given to my aunt, and her dear friend Lady Charteris.”

And, unexpectedly, at this moment they both appeared in sight, and were almost immediately joined by them. At first, de Clifford could scarcely conceal how provoked he was at this interruption. But he soon found that Lady Elphinstone, occupied in conversing with her friend, had no time to talk to him; he had, therefore, more opportunities of devoting himself to Lady Emma, who had now recovered her usual good humour; and de Clifford, indifferent to the sly sharp looks occasionally cast on him by Lady Charteris, continued to converse with the fair Emma.

On his return to Spa, he mentioned to Lady de Clifford his fears relative to Marie’s state of health. He recollect ed the delicate constitution she had had from her birth, and at last he worked himself up, to think she was *as bad as heretofore* he had considered her illness trifling. He sent to enquire after her, and Lady de Clif-

ford, anxious that she should not fancy any change had taken place in her feelings towards her, with a most affectionate note, proposing, (as Rosa was still unacquainted with every circumstance,) her passing the morning with her, and at the same time informed her of Lord Trellawney's death, and that her brother intended calling on her at the hour she chose to name.

In a short time the following answer was returned, addressed to de Clifford.

“I cannot write to Lady de Clifford to day ; le cœur est trop brisé—but thank her for all her kind expressions of friendship ; tell her I feel *I am not unworthy of them.* I only saw my poor mother for a few minutes last night. But this morning I could no longer conceal from her all I knew ! Ah ! if you had seen the bitter tears she shed even your heart would have compassionated her sorrow, to find thus laid open to her daughter, her errors, and the events long since past, and which she had trusted that daughter might never be acquainted with ! But, oh my brother !

if I dared venture to excuse conduct—à laquelle je n'ose donner un nom—I think much might be said in extenuation. Oh forgive a daughter thus wishing to conceal and shut her eyes to her mother's —— But never, never expect me to feel as I know and see you do. I have passed a dreadful night. Sleep never closed the eyelids of your poor Marie. My cough and some return of fever must prevent my seeing you or Rosa at present. But I am better since I conversed with my mother. She has relieved my mind of *one* weighty sorrow, *one* heavy cruel affliction. But she forbids my imparting it to you until your father's arrival, and wishes me not to see you until then. A packet will be sent for Lord de Clifford this evening, and she requests you will deliver it to him as soon as he is informed of your relationship to Marie. Adieu, frère cheri, frère bien aimé ! I feel as if that name could never be repeated too often, for to me it conveys a charm impossible to describe.

“ A toi pour la vie

“ MARIE.”

This note corroborated in some degree what Hugh had heard from Lady Elphinstone, and increased considerably his anxiety about Marie. What she alluded to in her note, neither he nor Lady de Clifford could guess, and each individual of the two families appeared to await Lord de Clifford's arrival with mutual anxiety.

In the afternoon, a large packet was sent by the Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, addressed to Lord de Clifford—to the care of the Hon. Hugh de Clifford. This packet, which evidently contained papers and letters, strongly excited both Hugh's and Lady de Clifford's curiosity ; as, under the circumstances in which she was placed, they could not account in any way for the motive that could tempt her to address the man she had so much injured.

In the evening, de Clifford again called to inquire after his sister. But the answer was far from satisfactory. “ Mademoiselle est toujours très indisposée. Madame vient de faire chercher un autre médecin :” and he was obliged to remain satisfied with this information, as he was not allowed to see his sister, and had

a disinclination to meet his mother, which he did not attempt to control.

The (I hope) interesting events that have lately occurred to the brother and sister, have not, I trust, made my readers think me neglectful of Monteith, to whom I am now going to return. On the day last mentioned, he had, on taking his usual walk to the post-office, the satisfaction of having two letters delivered to him. Although *the* letter so long wished for, and yet so dreaded, was *one* of them, he could scarcely bring himself to open it; and whilst he was looking at the direction, as if he had never seen his mother's hand-writing before, he was startled by a violent slap on the shoulder. It was from Elmsworth, who had come to the post-office for the same purpose as himself.

“ Why, how now, Arthur,” exclaimed his friend, “ what the devil’s the matter with you? Pray are your letters from some inexorable fair one, or, what is worse, some surly creditor, who will take no denial, that you are thus sighing over them?”

“ You are not very far from the mark,” an-

swered Monteith, “ though the term applied to them is not exactly appropriate, as one is from my mother, whom I doubt whether your lordship would still denominate fair. The other is, as you say,” opening the letter, “ from a creditor, though not a very pressing one.”

“ That’s lucky for you, and I only wish all mine were equally polite and well bred. But though *you*, like *me*, have not lost all your money at that cursed rouge-et-noir table, are you ready to set off for Italy? I am now willing to be at your orders, for, I fear, in every way, I am losing my time here; and, indeed, if I stay much longer, instead of going *à quatre chevaux*, I shall be obliged to condescend to depart *en diligence*, as my purse is completely emptied. Therefore, what do you say to our going to-morrow or next day?”

“ You are really as hasty in your movements now, Elmsworth, as you have lately been dilatory. But I think you have heard me say, my mother’s letter would decide my either accompanying you, or returning to England. I cannot,

therefore, until I have read it, give you a decided answer."

"I suspect, my good fellow," returned Elmsworth, giving him a knowing nod, "you want the cash as well as your neighbours, and expect a supply from her ladyship."

"No, I do not," said Monteith, rather hastily, and wishing to get rid of him. "I am too poor to borrow, and too proud to beg. I therefore never ask for more than I have a right to."

"You know, they say pride and poverty walk together. I see you are determined to prove the truth of the old saying. But the devil a bit would I refuse any kind offer (in the shape of a loan) a friend might choose to make me at this moment."

"Yes," answered Monteith, "and probably the next instant would lose it at the gaming table." Fortunately, these words were unheard by Elmsworth, as, at the moment they were uttered, a gentleman came up to him, and, putting his arm through his, walked off with him.

Monteith, now left alone, no longer delayed reading Lady Monteith's letter. But who can describe his feelings, when, on opening the one enclosed in it, and addressed to him by his brother, he read the following lines.

“ And did you, my dear Arthur, conceive it possible I should be unmindful of your happiness, whenever it was in my power to promote it ? No, I feel assured you did not ; and, believe me, for many weeks it has occupied my thoughts, as, long before you left Paris, your letters had fully made me aware of your sentiments towards Rosa de Clifford. In giving you the meeting at Spa, I had hoped to become the promoter and personal witness of your happiness ; but my late illness has rendered a journey impossible, in my weak and debilitated state.

“ As bad health must and will ever forbid my forming those happy domestic ties, which I hope soon to see enjoyed by my beloved brother, it has ever been my intention to resign

to you the Allan Glen property, whenever that event was likely to take place. Do you think this will satisfy the expectations of Lord de Clifford for his daughter, (with the certain prospect of being heir to my title and property)? It is, as you know, above £1,600 a year. I think it ought; for, however highly they may prize their *daughter*, have I not equal reason to be proud of the high character and noble mind of my excellent *brother*? Let me soon hear from you, and believe me, dearest Arthur, you will ever find in me the most sincere and affectionate of friends and brothers,

“MONTEITH.”

His mother's letter chiefly recapitulated the contents of the above, with the addition that, aware as she had long been of her eldest son's intentions, she had, as soon as she received his letter, on her return from Edinburgh, (where she had been passing ten days,) shewn it to Lord Monteith. As I feel it utterly impossible

to describe the various feelings and sensations that overpowered Monteith on reading these two letters, I must leave it to the imagination of my readers, satisfied they will do more justice to them than I shall, and must refer them to the next chapter for the dénouement.

CHAPTER IV.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails?
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flowers, and choke the soil.
'Tis *scandal*, and with shame I own
The vice of human kind alone.
Be *scandal*, then, my leading theme.

Cotton.

DE CLIFFORD, the next morning, was cruelly disappointed at not meeting Lady Emma as usual, and returned home dissatisfied and discontented to breakfast. The fact was, the prying eyes of Lady Charteris had been much more *clair voyant* than those of Lady Elphinstone; and she accordingly took the first opportunity of naming her suspicions to her friend, who, of course, imparted them im-

mediately to Lord Glanmore, adding her own hopes and comments on the subject.

But she found her brother-in-law's opinion very different from what she had expected. Devotedly attached to his only daughter Emma, as the sole female representative, both in mind and person, of the wife he had idolized, no rank or fortune would have tempted him to commit her happiness to the care of a man unworthy of her ; neither did he choose to allow her thus constantly to meet one, whose charms of person and manner (as he understood from Lady Elphinstone) were such as might probably soon teach the heart of the youthful Emma the knowledge of a passion he wished to guard her from at present, unless the object of it was worthy of her.

Lord Glanmore was well acquainted with the character of Lord Trelawney, and the conduct of his daughter ; and as he had remarked that the faults and vices in families were sometimes, like their complaints, hereditary, he determined to form his own opinion of de Clif-

ford, before he allowed his attentions to his daughter to exceed those of common civility. He had, therefore, requested Lady Elphinstone either to omit her visits to the Geronstère for a few days, or to go unaccompanied by Lady Emma.

Lady Elphinstone, who was a thorough worldly-minded woman, could ill understand or enter into Lord Glanmore's sentiments or conduct ; as she conceived that with a portionless girl, and a large family of sons, with only a small fortune to support a title, (inherited from a relation with scarcely any property attached to it,) he ought to think himself most fortunate in the prospect of marrying a daughter so advantageously. But Lord Glanmore had seen a great deal of the world, and, from having but lately been admitted into “the privileged class,” or more properly speaking, that of nobility, he had not yet acquired the *esprit du corps*, which you generally find characterises that order, who too often conceive that all beyond their own sphere and circle, (or *that* set which from

politics or country interest they are compelled to be civil to,) is a society to be avoided ; and if, from circumstances, they are necessitated to make an acquaintance in a class so much beneath them, it is generally dropped as soon as possible.

Should this work be read by those to whom I have thus alluded, they will, I am certain, acknowledge the truth of these remarks. In making them, my object, I own, has been to have the opportunity of recommending that we all should keep to that station of life we are placed in, and to the society of those who are of the same rank in the world as ourselves. It now, unfortunately, is the fashion for every one to seek to live with people *superior* to themselves ; from the circumstance that a few, from talents, mercantile influence, or borough interest, have gained *the pinnacle* so *many* aspire to reach. But that cannot be the case with *all* ; and the consequence is, that in seeking to attain what is above our rank in life, we pass our lives in a constant state of mortification and de-

pendence on others ; and, by so doing, too often lose that independence of character, and perhaps of fortune, with which we first entered life. Pope says, how truly I will leave it to my readers to judge, speaking of that kind of ambition, “ I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always appeared rather *stooping* than *climbing*.”

It is, therefore, scarcely necessary for me to add, after what I have said, that Lord Glanmore considered character and temper essential requisites in a son-in-law. Rank and fortune he of course could no otherwise object to, than as connected with immorality and misconduct. This definition, however, by no means agreed with Lady Elphinstone’s views for her niece, and she silently (a wonder for her) thought her brother-in-law a very silly, though, perhaps, a well-intentioned man.

On returning home, de Clifford (to make up in some degree for his disappointment) learnt that a letter, received from his father by Lady de Clifford, informed her he was to sleep that

night at Liege ; and, as he should start early in the morning, he hoped to be with them soon after breakfast. This detained de Clifford at home, and on Monteith calling early, and requesting to see him, he was obliged to excuse himself, pleading his father's expected arrival.

At the time he had mentioned, the husband and father was again, after more than three months' absence, restored to his family, and was received with that heart-felt pleasure experienced by most married men on their return to a happy home. After passing some time with them, he mentioned his wish to speak to his son in private, when Hugh took that opportunity of informing his father of the wonderful discovery he had made, after having been acquainted with his mother and sister, unknown to himself for more than a year and a half.

Lord de Clifford, from never having met the Comtesse any where, (for she had purposely avoided him, being well acquainted through her son of all his engagements while at Paris,) did not feel that extreme surprise experienced

by Hugh on first hearing it. But he could not reconcile himself to the idea that Marie, the tall, elegant, fascinating young Parisian, was the sickly infant so fondly loved and lamented. But, although Lord de Clifford's feelings had hitherto appeared to have been but slightly affected in comparison with those of his son, yet, when the letter was delivered to him, and he again saw the well-remembered hand-writing, his features betrayed the agitation he vainly tried to conceal. Opening the packet in a hurried manner, he found it contained several papers. The contents I give to my readers with the Comtesse's letter.

“ My Lord,

“ I am aware how unacceptable a letter will be from her, by whom you consider yourself so deeply injured. But imperious necessity, and the promise made to one long since removed from earth, oblige me to recal events to your Lordship's recollection—a task which will probably be as painful to you as it is to me.

“ I seek not to palliate or justify my past conduct by referring to it. But, ere you look into the enclosed papers, I must beg you to read the account of events which passed prior to and after our separation, as it will, in some measure, explain what I am under the necessity of informing you of.

“ When I married your Lordship, I was to a certain degree aware that ambition and the wish to secure to your family the title and fortune I was likely to inherit, urged you to marry a woman to whom you were indifferent. But it was not till after my marriage that I learnt you had long been another's, and that you were devotedly attached to your present wife. It will be useless and unnecessary to recal the feelings that this information gave rise to. The birth of my little girl, her illness, the cares that attended it, the affection her sweet infantine manners called forth, early made me devotedly attached to her; and when circumstances, to which I shall not allude, tempted me to quit a husband's protection, I found the

separation from my child would be too painful for me to submit to ; and, unknown to Sir Charles Ellis, she accompanied me, after I had left a letter to be delivered to your Lordship, in which, fearful you might hereafter claim her, I tried to mislead you in regard to your parental claims on your daughter. For, start not, my Lord, when I assure you, and the enclosed papers will corroborate the assertion, that the child you so fondly loved as an infant, *Rosa Mary Anne*, is your daughter, and, under the name of Marie, you now know her. However faulty my *conduct* has been, no stain of guilt could be attached to that or to my character, while living under your roof, and bearing your name. Indeed, if you could raise a doubt after this assertion, and after reading the accompanying papers, her likeness to you, and the similarity in features, would alone be a sufficient guarantee of my speaking the truth.

“ Let me, however, do justice to Sir Charles Ellis. Prior to his death he was extremely anxious you should be made acquainted with

the deception put on you. But finding me decidedly averse to it, as I was certain the child would be taken from me, he then made me promise to inform you of the truth, either on her marriage or on her coming of age; as then your power would cease over her, and you could no longer claim a right to separate us. Fearful, however, that my death, or any other circumstance, might hereafter prevent the truth from reaching you, Sir Charles, a week before his death, under the seal and promise of secrecy, informed the English clergyman and foreign physician, who attended him, of every thing I have now detailed to your Lordship; as though he was aware that the laws of his country allowed Marie to claim your name, he was yet most anxious you should likewise know she claimed by the right of blood that of daughter. Before them, as witnesses, he signed the statement enclosed, which they drew up.

“Marie is, therefore, the infant Rosa you remember, and owes her birth to you. I will

not disown that I acted wrong ; but as I soon learnt that, shortly after your Lordship's second marriage, you had other claimants on your affection, I felt less regret at having deprived you of one, who has for so many years been the happiness of my life, and who, from her birth, has never, I might add, committed a fault, and is beloved and admired by all who know her. There is one subject on which you may perhaps consider I acted reprehensibly ; that, her family being Protestant, I should (having chosen to adopt another religion) have educated her in the same faith as myself. As she never was to live with you, and would probably marry and die in the country in which that religion was professed, I determined, at the instigation and repeated desire and wishes of the Comte de la Roche Guyon, to educate her in the persuasion of the Roman Catholic Church, a faith less stern and rigid in its principles than yours, and to which Marie is decidedly attached.

“ I have now, my Lord, informed you, without the slightest deviation from truth, of all those

circumstances that are interesting to you, as far as concerns your daughter. Her change of name you must now be aware was obligatory, as my future heiress. I intend to leave Spa as soon as her health is sufficiently re-established to allow me to do so without danger, and it is my intention to give her the option to return to England with your lordship, should you wish her to do so, or to remain with me. But I do not conceal from you, that, however she may be attached to your family, and you will at least do me the justice to allow that I have encouraged rather than prevented it (which last it might have been my interest to do), I feel assured that she never will desert her mother for a parent she is comparatively a stranger to.

“I remain, my Lord, yours, &c. &c. &c.

“MARY ANNE DE LA ROCHE GUYON.”

Lord de Clifford, scarcely knowing what he was doing, so completely was he stupefied and stunned by the contents of the letter he had been reading, passed it to his son, whose

anxiety had been great, while watching the agitated countenance of his father during the time he had been reading the contents of a paper which disclosed so unexpected an event. Lord de Clifford then opened those enclosed within it, and found them exactly what the Comtesse had represented them to be. On the outside of one was written, that Mr. Fermor, the English clergyman, then resident on his living in Leicestershire, had the duplicate in his possession.

For many minutes Lord de Clifford's head rested on his hand in the deepest meditation, while Hugh hurried over the papers passed to him by his father. Were those thoughts and recollections pleasant? Ah no! for Lord de Clifford now began to feel, that in the many disgraceful occurrences that were attached to his first marriage, he was justly punished for marrying a woman he did not love, and for perjuring himself by taking a sacred vow at the altar, which he well knew, at the time, he had neither the will nor the power to act up to.

Hugh's meditations were of a very different kind ; his mother's letter gratified every wish of his heart, without any thing to allay the satisfaction he derived from it. The sister he so much admired and loved was, then, free from every stain on her birth ! His guilty and erring mother had not added to her vicious conduct that of deceiving his father, while living under his roof, and bearing his name. This letter rather soothed than irritated his feelings towards his mother, (for such we must now call her,) as he had vainly, since the *éclaircissement* with Monsieur Dulot, tried to conquer the dislike he had ever felt for her as Comtesse de la Roche Guyon.

In the evening, by the desire of Lord de Clifford, he wrote a note to Marie, informing her of his father's arrival, and his anxiety to see her, and hoped she would be well enough to receive them the next morning. A few lines, written in a tremulous hand, simply named the hour, and the wish to see her brother alone previous to receiving Lord de Clifford.

Hugh called on his sister at the appointed time. He found her on the sofa, dressed in deep mourning for her grandfather. But ah ! what a dreadful change had taken place in her personal appearance since he had last seen her. Her countenance, which, for some time past, had lost all its plumpness, had now become wan and thin ; and, for the first time, he remarked the likeness to his father, which his mother had mentioned. It is most strange, but true, that likenesses will thus shew themselves in sickness, and even in death, which have never been apparent in life and health. The resemblance was now so strong, that de Clifford wondered how it was possible he had not remarked it before. The brother and sister affectionately embraced each other ; Marie's head sunk on his shoulder.

“ Ah tell me,” she exclaimed, “ dearest brother, of your father. Will he acknowledge as *his* the child he has been so long separated from ?”

“ Call him your father, dearest Marie, for

believe me his heart longs to claim you as his own. Did I not tell you of the affection he bore you, before you were taken from him?"

" But you forget the cruel circumstances that have occurred since that period. But let us not recall the unhappy past, however in secret it may dwell on my mind. With you, my brother, it is better we should not converse on it. Let us talk of your, of my father. You know not the overwhelming agitation it causes me, the idea of meeting him, and what an anxious moment it is to me when a father will acknowledge me as a daughter. You, my brother, you, I am sure, shared with me the happiness I felt, when I learnt that, however wretched may be my fate, guilt at least will not attach itself to the name, and perhaps to the memory, of your Marie."

" Believe me, Marie, no thought of that kind would ever have attached itself to you. But to feel and know that the blood of both my parents is yours likewise, certainly does increase the inward satisfaction I feel in calling you by the

dear name of sister. But, as you appear to dread so much the meeting my father, why delay it ? The sooner it takes place the better ; he only awaits your summons. Had you not better receive him now, and alone ? ” A slight bow, as an affirmative, was all the answer given, and Hugh left her, to inform Lord de Clifford of her wishes.

To relate the meeting between the father and daughter is beyond my powers. The dreadful change he witnessed in the health of this sweet and interesting young creature, from what she was, when he had last seen her at Versailles, was such as would have alarmed him, even had he not been a parent ; and a parent he more than ever felt he was, when, under the influence of her sweet, affectionate, and captivating manners.

After his interview with Marie, Lord de Clifford was so extremely out of spirits, that de Clifford determined not to ask him to call on Lord Glanmore that day, which it had been his intention to do, in hopes of securing an intro-

duction to his Lordship, but to try his chance of meeting Lady Emma, the following morning, at the Geronstère.

Thither he accordingly went, and, on inquiring at the well, he found Lady Elphinstone and her niece had not arrived; nor, indeed, had been there since the morning he had last met them. Still in hopes of their coming, he sauntered into the principal walk, where, to his surprise, he found the Comte and Comtesse Corbinelli, and the Chevalier de Méry. The latter congratulated him on his father's return, and likewise, as he understood, his great accession of fortune.

“ And your black coat, which is generally supposed,” continued he, “ to express sorrow, cannot in this instance be the case with you, as all the good things in this life accompany it; a fine place, and large property.”

“ I acknowledge,” answered de Clifford, “ my feelings have not suffered much on this occasion, as my grandfather was unknown to

me ; and I have no objection whatever to the advantages his death has given me the possession of.”

“ You are a lucky fellow !” replied de Méry. “ I only wish I had some kind relative who would die, and leave me a good fortune ; I should have no objection to put on a black coat for the rest of my life.”

“ And look like an Abbé !—I had no idea,” exclaimed the Comte Corbinelli, “ that the gay de Méry would thus easily resign his pretensions to gallantry for the mere sake of lucre !”

“ I fear,” replied the chevalier, smiling, “ my days of gallantry are on the wane ; therefore, a black coat will be of little consequence to one who must soon resign the pretensions you talk of to younger men.”

“ Pray,” said the Comtesse, “ talking of mourning, can you tell me why Mademoiselle de St. Quentin and her mother have put on that dismal colour ? Their doctor called on me yesterday, and asked me the question. But I was

not aware they were *en deuil*. When we parted at Aix-la-Chapelle, Madame la Comtesse did not mention the death of any relation."

De Clifford was silent. All appeared to wait for his answering the question, that seemed particularly addressed to him. On finding *he* did not, De Méry replied,

" I really do not know. But as you saw the doctor who attends Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, perhaps you can tell us from good authority how she is."

" I am sorry to say very indifferent, and he appears to be much alarmed about her."

" Have you seen her lately, Mr. de Clifford?" asked the Comtesse, turning to Hugh.

" I saw her yesterday," he replied, " and it was with regret I perceived how ill she had been, and how much she was altered."

" Altered she is certainly," said de Méry, " in every way. For who would now recognize in the silent and quiet Marie, *l'espiègle et belle coquette de Paris*? Jamais femme ne parut réunir plus de moyens de plaire et de seduire—

elle animoit, charmoit, tous ceux qui s'approchoient d'elle ; enfin, elle étoit alors une Française dans toute la grâce et toute la force du terme.

“ Mon ami,” he continued, addressing Hugh, “ I begin to think that in the society of your nation we become infected with some of the misanthropy which is attributed to it.”

“ You should place it rather to its real cause,” said de Clifford, “ which is, I much fear, bad health.”

“ I have often wondered,” remarked the Comtesse, “ how Mademoiselle de St. Quentin came to be so amiable and charming, with such a disagreeable mother, and a father, who, though a sensible man, is by no means pleasing. But I learnt the other day, from the Marquise Schomberg, what I did not know before, that Marie is the daughter of the Comtesse by a former husband.”

Here de Clifford gave an involuntary start, which appeared to attract Comtesse Corbinelli's notice. She, however, continued,—“ so, I suppose, she inherits *ses talens* et *ses agrémens* de

la famille de son père ; car, assurément, cela ne vient pas du côté de sa mère, qui est une personne vraiment maussade. Cependant, sa fille a autant d'instruction que d'esprit."

" You must allow me," interrupted de Méry, " to name one whom I think infinitely more *maussade*, (as you call her,) and disagreeable than the Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, and that is Lady Elphinstone. Pour celle là, elle est vraiment une personne odieuse ; et, avec des manières fières et hautaines, elle vous étourdit avec son ramage, car elle a un déuge de paroles vraiment étonnant."

" I really must allow you to be right," said the Comtesse, " and at least I will say this for Madame de la Roche Guyon, qu'elle se coiffe très bien, et qu'elle est toujours très bien mise, au lieu que Miladi est toujours fagottée comme une vielle marchande de nippes ; mais pour sa nièce ! *elle* est vraiment belle ! une bouche gracieuse, denture superbe, belle chevelure, teint éblouissant, enfin le beau ideal que je m'étois formée d'une Anglaise, avant de les connaître."

De Clifford bowed at the compliment passed on his countrywomen. During this conversation there was scarcely a subject on which he could freely enter, and he was, therefore, compelled to remain silent; and, however much he was gratified by the admiration the Comtesse had expressed for Lady Emma, yet he felt it impossible to say any thing on *that* subject any more than on the others.

After a pause the Chevalier said, “Pray is it true, what I understand, that my poor friend Soblokow was finally dismissed yesterday by La Comtesse, at the desire of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin?”

De Clifford appeared surprised, and said, what was the truth, that he really knew nothing of it.

“I suspect it is so,” continued de Méry, “as on riding here, I passed his lodgings, and saw preparations making for his departure with Monsieur de Schomberg, who leaves Spa to-day. I conclude, therefore, he is a rejected lover.”

“ I am heartily glad of it,” replied Comte Corbinelli, “ for I cannot bear that Prince Alexis. After winning all my money at Aix, when a run of luck was against me, he refused to play any more when it turned in my favour. I think Mademoiselle de St. Quentin shewed her sense in getting rid of him.”

“ Surely not for the reason you give,” replied de Méry, smiling, “ for I must think that a man has a right to play, or not to play, according as he is successful; though few have the forbearance to practise any caution of that kind.”

“ Oh, we all know,” answered the Comte, in his ironical style of speaking, “ that Frenchmen are great latitudinarians in regard to the principles of play.”

“ Not more so, I believe, than our more southern neighbours,” was the cool reply, and made in as cool a manner.

De Clifford, not liking the turn the conversation was taking, and finding there were no hopes of seeing Lady Emma, took his leave, and went

to the gate to seek his horses ; but not finding them, he sent a boy to look after his groom, and returned to the party he had left.

In the mean time, the following conversation took place, as soon as he had left them and was sufficiently out of hearing. Comtesse Corbinelli began by remarking—

“ Mais comme il est changé, ce pauvre jeune homme--il n'est pas reconnaissable !—qu'a-t-il ?”

“ C'est l'amour, Madame, à ce qu'on me dit,” said the Chevalier, drawing a deep sigh in a comical way. “ The *new love* of to-day, and the *old one* of yesterday, a large fortune in one scale, and nothing in the other, balances this weighty affair so equally, que le pauvre diable ne sait que faire.”

“ Mais qui, donc, vous a conté tout ce bavardage là ? Pour moi je n'en crois rien ; et je suis sûr qu'il est toujours très amoureux de Marie.”

“ Est il possible, Madame la Comtesse, que vous puissiez ainsi croire à la fidélité et la constance des amans ? Vous n'avez qu'à vous

rappeller ce que dit notre poëte Metastasio,
pour vous corriger de ces idées là—

E' la fede degli amanti
Come l'Araba Fenice,
Che vi sia ognun lo dice
Dove sia nessun lo sa.”*

This was said by Comte Corbinelli.

“Tout ce que je puis vous dire,” replied de Méry, “c'est que c'étoit une de ses compatriotes qui me la dit, Madame St. Leger, et elle paroissoit très bien instruite là-dessus. Aussi, il faut avouer que le jeune homme est vraiment méconnoissable.”

“Ah, mon Dieu!” replied the Comtesse, “c'est à faire pitié. Vraiment c'est à faire pitié!”—

“Pray who are you so kindly pitying?” said a voice at her elbow. It was the voice of de Clifford, who was returned from his fruitless search after his horses. May I inquire who is—” But before he could finish the sentence,

* The faith of lovers is like the phœnix in Arabia; all will tell you it exists, but where no one can say.

she gave a scream of terror, and half angry, half frightened, said, “*Ahi! ahi! ho avuto molta paura.** Mais ayez donc la complaisance, Monsieur, un autre fois, de vous annoncer, au lieu de prendre les gens ainsi à l'imprévu; vous venez de me faire une peur terrible.”

“ I am sincerely sorry for it. But allow you were talking of me?” said de Clifford, laughing, who, in the guilty looks of the whole party, saw sufficient to raise suspicions of that kind.

“ If we were,” replied the Comtesse, recovering herself, “ you were most fortunate as a listener, only to overhear that you had my pity, which you know is akin to love.”

“ I thank you,” said de Clifford, smiling, “ but I never was of the opinion, that there is such a near relationship between them. *My* love could never arise out of pity. Therefore, though I am most proud and grateful to receive the one, the other I consider a treacherous damsel, and should certainly, if I met with her, kick her out of my way.”

* Oh dear! Oh dear! what a fright I have had.

“*Guardatevi!*”* said the Comtesse, laughing, “that you do not with your *coup de pied* throw aside your best friend.”

“I’ll take my chance,” answered de Clifford. “But here comes my Mercury, to tell me my horses are ready. Therefore, adieu, Madame, and I will promise, neither myself nor my shadow shall again alarm you this morning;” and, wishing her good bye, he returned home.

In relating a story of this kind, in which my readers must be aware it is necessary to bring before them the conduct, conversations, and opinions of the different characters, and as every day was marked by some event that intimately concerned those in whom we are most interested, I have occasionally been obliged to retrograde or advance in my story, as it best suited my purpose. I will now, therefore, return to Monteith, who, the morning after he had called on de Clifford, again sought his friend, but without success. This morning, however, he was more lucky.

* Beware.

Hugh, having agreed to accompany his father on a visit to Lord Glanmore in the middle of the day, had taken his hat after breakfast, and set off on a solitary walk up one of the steep hills, which I have already mentioned overlooked Spa. While looking down on the town, from the height on which he had placed himself, he thought of the many and unlooked-for events that had befallen him in that retired spot. His mother, Marie, and Lady Emma, alternately occupied his thoughts. *The past* he had nothing to complain of, but of *the future*, he dared not, as far as Marie was concerned, allow himself to think. Her health was apparently gone; he was now aware of her attachment to Monteith; and the two sisters, in that respect, appeared as if a mutual sympathy had guided their choice. For in Rosa's pale face and thoughtful countenance, he too plainly saw how much she suffered from the efforts she made to comply with the wishes of her mother. All combined at the moment to make him feel depressed, when he was soon awakened from his reverie by the sound

of footsteps approaching, and soon perceived advancing towards him the person who at that moment occupied his thoughts,—Monteith.

De Clifford, ever actuated by the feelings of the moment, met him with more appearance of pleasure than he had lately done, and received him with his usual frankness and good humour.

“ I have vainly sought you, de Clifford, for these two days. Can you, *now* we have met, spare me an hour, for I have much to say to you, and am glad to meet you in a place where our conversation is not likely to be interrupted.”

“ I am at your service, my dear fellow, for double the time, and only hope it is something agreeable you have to say to me; for at this moment I am the dullest wretch that ever existed.”

“ You will, I know,” said Monteith, “ laugh at my preface when I say, that, though I never did know what a nerve is, I am much inclined to be at this instant what fine ladies are,

nervous. I see you stare at the assertion. But, however, I will face the enemy, and boldly ask you, whether, supposing a noble minded brother, desirous of promoting my happiness, should secure me a comfortable independence, would your father, do you think, disapprove of me as a son-in-law, providing opportunities were allowed me to secure an interest in your sister's heart?"

" My dear Arthur," replied de Clifford, " I cannot answer for what my father's intentions may be relative to Rosa ; I can only assure you, as far as regards myself, my best wishes are yours; and, as far as I can promote the success of them, I will. But tell me how you have managed your affairs so well."

To repeat this part of the conversation would be a needless iteration of what has already been told. I will, therefore, only mention that Monteith informed him of the admiration he first felt for Rosa at Paris, and which he had not concealed in his letters to his mother, and the necessity he felt of avoiding her, as soon as he

became aware that it exceeded admiration. Lord Monteith's anxious desire to meet him at Spa had, he said, again thrown him into the society of his sister, and he repeated to de Clifford, what is already so well known to my readers, and ended by giving him his mother's and brother's letter to read.

After looking them over, he returned them to Monteith, saying, "It is no more than I should have expected from a young man such as you have ever described your brother to be. I will also frankly acknowledge, that if latterly I did perceive the preference you appeared to shew Rosa, and discouraged it, you must be sensible, Arthur, it was in consideration of her happiness ; as few fathers or brothers would, I believe, like to trust their daughters or sisters much in the society of a handsome young fellow like yourself, without being pretty certain of the consequences."

"I wish I were equally certain," replied Monteith, "but I own Elmsworth has often made me feel doubtful of success, even sup-

posing that my fortune *had* then allowed me to seek your sister's hand in marriage."

"Nonsense, Arthur!" said de Clifford. "If you ever had those thoughts, it must have been at Paris, when I certainly did think something of the kind myself. But since we have been here, they must have been the jealous fears that love delights to create for itself, and then chooses to dwell on, as food for its sickly appetite. For, as far as my sight goes, and it is pretty sharp in those matters, I promise you Elmsworth has long been aware of Rosa's indifference to him."

"Will you, then," asked Monteith, "name it to your father and Lady de Clifford? For the present I should wish your sister, (in case they do not disapprove of my attentions,) to remain unbiassed by her parents."

"The feeling is so natural," answered Hugh, "that I am sure they would not object to comply with it. But you forget, my dear fellow, we are settling preliminaries of peace, not only before war is declared, but before the citadel is

surrendered or even attacked. But I am sorry to tell you you really must have a little patience, as my father and myself are, at this moment, much engaged and occupied. As soon, however, as an opportunity offers, he shall be made acquainted with what has passed between us this morning."

"I will rely on your relieving, as soon as possible, the anxiety I must of course feel. I begin, however, to suspect that there is some truth in the gossip of Spa; for you tell me you are much occupied with your own affairs; and by Mr. St. Leger's account, that is not surprising, as two ladies, I hear from him, claim you; one by right of promise, and the other from inclination. In short, to speak openly, I am told from every one that Mademoiselle de St. Quentin is dying in consequence of broken vows and broken engagements, caused by the charms of Lady Emma Fairfax, which have proved too powerful for the susceptible heart of Mr. de Clifford."

"And can you really believe, Arthur, all the

nonsense that gossiping old fool and his still more silly wife set about to the prejudice of every one they are acquainted with. Let them be satisfied with match-making for their daughter with the goose they have chosen, and not interfere with the conduct of others. But we are now at the bottom of the hill, and must separate, as I have an engagement with my father; therefore, *au revoir*. You shall hear from me soon ;” and with a cordial shake of the hand the friends separated.

CHAPTER V.

And therefore, Javan, must *his daughter's* love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my shattered bones with him.

The Fall of Jerusalem.

BEFORE de Clifford joined his father, he called to inquire after Marie. She had passed a bad night, and she was too ill to see any one, was the answer sent to his inquiries by the Comtesse. Hugh felt that his mother might perhaps expect him to express a wish to see her, as they had never met since her return from Aix-la-Chapelle; but he knew himself too well not to wish to avoid such a meeting.

“ No,” he exclaimed to himself, as he turned

away from her door, “neglected, deserted from my birth, let her now in her turn feel, and keenly feel, what she selfishly left me to endure at an age when I most required her care. Fate now allows me to retaliate on her the unkindness she formerly shewed me !”

Were these the feelings and sentiments of a Christian and a son ? Alas ! no. But I never have represented the character of my hero as perfect, or rather what does not exist ; I must, therefore, allow him to possess those faults which human nature is subject and heir to, since the fall of our first parents ; and though Hugh felt inwardly ashamed of the feelings that actuated him, yet he attempted not to repress or correct them. Such is, I fear, too much the case with us all ; we give ourselves up to the evil passions that sway and too often guide our actions ; by attempting to trace them as the effects of a primary cause, and, therefore, originating from the faults of others, instead of seeking to overcome the evil spirit that lurks within us.

On joining his father, they proceeded to Lord Glanmore's hotel, and found him at home. Had Hugh been aware of the prepossession felt against him by Lady Emma's father, it is more than probable he would have been seen to a disadvantage on his first introduction. Fortunately for him he was ignorant of it, and to a man who had seen so much of the world as Lord Glanmore, de Clifford's natural character was one that was likely to please. “*Il avoit le cœur sur la main,*” is one of those idioms, that in a few words expresses so well the meaning intended to be conveyed, and was most applicable to Hugh. Lord Glanmore, who had on several occasions been the victim of that kind of worldly deceit which an open unsuspecting temper is too often a sufferer from, was delighted to find de Clifford apparently a young man so different from what he had expected; and, though he was still determined to scrutinize his character closely, he no longer felt an unwillingness to admit him to the society of his Emma.

On Lord de Clifford requesting to be introduced to his daughter, they adjourned to the drawing-room, and found both the ladies prepared for walking. After the necessary introduction had taken place, Lady Elphinstone proposed that Emma should walk with her father, as she did not feel inclined to go out. As this was agreed to, the de Cliffords joined them, Lord Glanmore giving Hugh (as one who knew the walks best) *carte blanche*, to take them where he liked. Here, as before, de Clifford's talents for manœuvring were shown; for, taking the party up the hill towards the well-known seat of Annette and Lubin, by a path which only admitted of two walking together, he soon managed to get Emma by his side, while her father and his were talking politics behind. Not that either of them was blind to the game de Clifford was playing, as Lady de Clifford had that morning informed his father of the attentions he was paying Lady Emma, attentions *he* was most anxious to encourage, and Lord Glanmore

certainly (at present) had no wish to discourage them.

After the beauties of the walk and the view, &c. &c. had been properly admired and discussed, de Clifford said, “ Pray, Lady Emma, will you tell me why I have been lured the last two mornings to the Geronstère, and have been disappointed in seeing you?”

“ Lured?” repeated Lady Emma, “ I really do not understand the expression.”

“ Oh!” said de Clifford, smiling, “ I know of old how difficult it is to make *you* understand any thing you are determined not to comprehend. But, as you wish for the explanation, you shall have it. I mean that I was deluded with the expectation of seeing a pair of bright hazel eyes, to reward me for the distance I went, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of them.”

“ And if I understand right,” replied Lady Emma, “ you were not disappointed.”

“ Disappointed!” exclaimed Hugh. “ Yes, most certainly I was, and confoundedly so.”

“ Certainly not,” replied Lady Emma, interrupting him, “ for I heard the Comtesse Corbinelli’s bright hazel eyes were the loadstone this morning, and the attraction was so great that Mr. de Clifford was walking with her for more than an hour. You therefore had your reward to-day.”

“ You perverse creature,” said Hugh, catching hold of her hand, trusting that a turn in the corkscrew walk they were pursuing would prevent the fathers behind from witnessing the action ; but he was not allowed to hold it long, for immediately Lord Glanmore’s voice, calling out to him, that there were two paths, and desiring to know which he had taken, obliged him to drop the hand, and to return. Whether her father had, through the trees, detected this lover-like action, Hugh could not tell ; but, on joining them, Lord Glanmore took his daughter’s arm, and not all his manœuvring could again bring him and the fair Emma together, as she was kept by her father’s side during the remainder of the walk.

Perhaps it was the difficulties he met with in seeking Lady Emma's society, that enhanced the pleasure of it to de Clifford; for it is more than probable, that, had he met her constantly in his daily walks, and found his society courted by her and her aunt, he would have ceased to care for her. So much does opposition in love heighten and increase the passion, which often dies a natural death from the want of a stimulus of that kind.

On their return home, it was so near the hour of dinner, that de Clifford had no opportunity to speak to his father on the subject of Monteith. But he determined Rosa should know it, and, rather selfishly, wished to witness the effect it would have on her. He accordingly, at dinner, turned to Lady de Clifford, and said, “I am happy to tell you, my dear Madam, of a piece of good luck that has happened to Monteith. I met him this morning, and he shewed me a letter from Lord Monteith, who thinks it proper, as he is not himself likely to marry, that his brother should; and, very obligingly, to forward

the business, and as he says, ‘ that he may enjoy the happiness of domestic ties,’ resigns him an estate of £1600 a-year. I think he had much better have said, “ to enable him to bear the *miseries* of matrimony.”

Poor Rosa had a few minutes before helped herself to some cutlets from a dish near her, scarcely aware of what she was about, but only feeling that every eye was upon her, and anxious to be doing something, though to swallow she felt would be impossible; and she now again helped herself, although what she had on her plate remained untouched.

“ My dear Rosa!” exclaimed her father, “ do you mean to monopolize that dish of cutlets to yourself? If so, I really must lay an embargo on what remains?”

Rosa, more distressed than ever, from feeling she was acting and looking like a fool, coloured and felt the tears starting to her eyes; and Hugh, full of regret at being the cause of her agitation, would have given the world that he had held his tongue. Lady de Clifford, who

ever came to the relief of those who were in distress, and who was anxious to prevent her father remarking a conduct, which he (without knowing the cause) would naturally have considered weak and foolish, immediately said, in answer to de Clifford's speech,

“ I doubt whether you would have made *that* remark before Lady Emma Fairfax. But I always observe, that when young men and young women are seriously thinking of matrimony, they are the first to abuse the yoke they are preparing to put on. Excuse me, dear Hugh, for this little retaliation. You will, I am sure, on second thoughts, allow that you deserve it ;” and the reproof which Lady de Clifford's eye conveyed to him, as she glanced at his sister, made him more than ever feel how selfishly cruel his conduct had been to his inoffensive Rosa. He held out his hand to Lady de Clifford, and said,

“ I *do* excuse you, my dear Madam, and am aware I deserve much worse from you ; pray give me a good scold, for I am sure I well merit it.”

Lord de Clifford looked surprised at what was passing, for Lady de Clifford, when she hinted to him what was going on between his son and Lady Emma, had not considered the attentions shewn by Monteith to Rosa of sufficient consequence to name to him.

After dinner, de Clifford in some degree explained the little scene that had taken place, by informing his father of Monteith's attachment to his sister, and the hopes that his brother's liberality had given rise to. Lord de Clifford appeared far from being gratified by the communication made to him. Rosa's extreme youth was to him a great objection to her marrying, more particularly, that the match, as Monteith was now situated, had nothing to indemnify a parent for parting with a daughter so young as Rosa. For Lord de Clifford was not as blind to rank and riches as Lord Glanmore. Indeed, his conduct in early life must have already sufficiently proved it to my readers. He, therefore, avoided giving any positive answer to Monteith, merely saying, that his ac-

quaintance with him was of so short a date, that he wished, before he came to any decision on the subject, to know more of him, and that he did not object to his meeting Rosa in society as formerly, but requested that nothing might be said to her at present on the subject.

On talking it over with Lady de Clifford, with whom (from that characteristic partiality which the Scotch generally bear towards each other) Monteith was decidedly a great favorite, he heard every thing of him to approve and like. But, still determined not to trust to the report of his wife and son, he wrote to a general officer, to whom Monteith had been aide-de-camp for two years, and with whom he was intimately acquainted, requesting to know his general conduct and character while on the staff with him. In the meantime, Monteith was compelled to be satisfied with Lord de Clifford's answer, and the being allowed to meet and see his daughter occasionally ; opportunities, which he determined to make the most of, and secure if possible the affections of his much-loved Rosa. It

was now determined that she should be informed of the near relationship that existed between her and Marie ; and, however great was the surprise the information caused, Rosa was most happy to be able to claim as a near relative the friend so long admired and loved ; and the first meeting between them as sisters shewed the warm affection they reciprocally felt for each other.

A week passed without an incident occurring worthy of being recorded. Lord de Clifford, Hugh and Rosa, regularly, alone or together, passed the hours of twelve till three with Marie, who, though not considered worse, was certainly not much better. Her dinner being usually announced at that time, was always considered as the signal for their departure ; and it appeared to be an understood thing, that those hours were to be exclusively theirs, and the remainder of the day her mother's, who was never seen by any of the de Clifford family. Indeed, they all individually avoided naming her.

Lord de Clifford felt his affection daily increase for a daughter so amiable and interesting, and from whom he had been so long separated ; and hourly did a parent's love draw closer the ties that connected them together. Lady de Clifford had early wished, with the rest of her family, to see much of Marie, but for reasons she could easily guess, knowing the character of the Comtesse, she soon perceived her visits were *génant* to the invalid, and that she appeared relieved from some anxiety when they ended. She, therefore, discontinued them, and only sent her affectionate messages through Rosa and her brother.

The last ball was to be given on the Saturday, in the great ball-room at the Redoute, and La Marquise Schomberg canvassed all her friends to persuade them to attend it, as she was on the eve of her departure, and it would be the last entertainment of that kind which she was likely to meet them at. Marie appeared so much better, that Lord de Clifford, as well as Lord Glanmore, (who had not yet

seen the ball-room,) acceded to her request; and Rosa and Emma were delighted at the prospect of going, for both expected to meet *the* person preferred. *They* were, therefore, likely to be of *the* few to whom a ball does not prove an evening of mortification. Rosa looked forward to it without an alloy, for Elmsworth had left Spa ; as, on finding Monteith did not intend to accompany him, he accidentally met at the hotel an acquaintance passing through the town, on his road to Berlin, and with his usual versatility of character, he changed his plans, and set off with him for the north instead of the south of Europe.

On the morning of the day Rosa was to go to the Redoute, she called on Marie, and had scarcely been seated with her a quarter of an hour, when Mademoiselle Bertine, her French femme-de-chambre, made her appearance loaded with a large band-box.

“ Ah, Mademoiselle !” she exclaimed, “ voici la jolie robe de bal que vous avez commandée chez Mademoiselle Victorine, avant votre départ

de Paris, et que vous attendiez depuis si long-temps. Permettez moi d'ouvrir le carton, et de la déployer, afin que je vous la fasse voir."

"Emportez la," replied Marie. "Je ne me soucie pas de la voir."

"Ah, mais, Mademoiselle," said the persevering Soubrette, in a disappointed tone; "cela sera si dommage, et, puis, Mademoiselle de Clifford sera si contente de voir la dernière mode de Paris."

Marie looked at Rosa, and thought her countenance expressed the wish which the artful maid had discovered in it, and had named to gain her ends. She was, therefore, desired to unpack it, and a beautiful ball-dress, of la gaze d'Iris (the name Mademoiselle Victorine gave it), was soon displayed. The colours represented the soft shadowy tints of the rainbow, blending beautifully one within the other, and crossing the material of which the dress was made, and on which no expense had been spared to make it most elegant.

"Ah que c'est charmant! c'est unique!--elle

est vraiment d'une beauté ravissante ! Quel gout !” were the words bestowed on it by the delighted maid. She then proposed putting it on Rosa, to shew the effects of the colours over white.

“ Le joli négligé de matin de Mademoiselle nous servira très bien, et la percale aura l'air d'un taffetas. La taille sera un peu trop longue, mais cela ne fait rien.” And, while thus talking on the subject, she slipped the dress over the willing head of Rosa, exclaiming, while arranging it on her, “ Ah que cela va bien à Mademoiselle ! que vous êtes belle !” and Rosa, looking in the glass, was much inclined to think the maid spoke truth.

Marie, for a few minutes, looked at her, and giving a deep sigh, desired the maid to leave the room, and likewise the dress ; she then said,—

“ Heureusement, chère Rosa, ce n'est pas le cas avec vous, mais combien de cœurs, bourrelés par de tristes souvenirs, cachent leurs malheurs sous la parure, et dissimulent leurs douleurs,

sous les dehors fastueux des richesses !” After a moment’s pause, she again resumed: “ You are, I hear, going to the ball this evening. Will my beloved Rosa accept this dress, so much admired by her and Bertine, as a present from me ? When she wears it, it will recal to her the memory of Marie. Soon many miles will separate us, and a country far distant from your English isles will be my residence. For the Comte de la Roche Guyon,” (for so she now always called him,) “ who is at present at his chateau in Germany, appears anxious we should in future reside there. I am sensible his object is to press my marriage with Prince Alexis, he not being aware, that, at my request, he has had his congé given to him. Judge, then, dear Rosa, how little probability there is of our meeting, when once we part ; more particularly if, as I suspect, your cold northern Scotland should soon prove your adopted country. This dress, made for your less happy sister, may occasionally remind you of her — a trifling recollection, certainly.”

“ Oh!” interrupted Rosa, “ can any thing be considered trifling that is given by you? and, indeed, I will not allow your melancholy remark to have any effect on me, for I intend to have a light heart and light heels when I wear it to night.” Then, kissing her sister affectionately, she thanked her for her gift.

“ May you prophecy as justly in this instance, ma chère sœur, as you did once before. Do you recollect what you said to me at Bruxelles?”

“ I have not the slightest remembrance of it,” answered Rosa.

“ I never have forgotten it,” replied Marie; “ it came over me at the time like the eastern blast, that chills and destroys the first bud of spring, and I even then had a presentiment of its truth: and how true, alas! has it proved!”

“ Pray tell me what it was I said,” inquired Rosa.

“ The exact words I may not be able to repeat; but, on my expressing to you how much I looked

forward to passing a happy summer here, you answered me by saying that *you* had no such expectation of happiness, but that you might find it very different from what you expected ; as you had often heard, that what we looked forward to with pleasure or regret, generally turned out the reverse of our expectations."

"I do remember saying so," replied Rosa, and she felt at the moment how true her remark had proved.

"I am aware," continued Marie, "we are each in our turn doomed to feel, and perhaps experience, the uncertainty of all our worldly wishes and pursuits. Long may you, my beloved Rosa, be exempted from the common lot of humanity. If *I have* felt my trials severe, I trust I have never aggravated them by impatience and irritability. For ought I not to consider it as doubtful (supposing what I asked and wished for had been granted to me) whether it would have proved a blessing ? Ah ! then, let me be thankful even for the crosses and disappointments I have met with. It has,

perhaps, taught me to look beyond the vanities of this world for that peace and happiness denied me here. And oh ! blessed virgin, teach this wilful, foolish heart to adore the hand that has afflicted me. And Thou," she continued, crossing her hands with fervent devotion, "Thou, the pure model to whom we are taught to look up, and aspire at an humble distance to imitate, Oh Thou, our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, teach me resignation to the will of divine Providence!"

Thus did this enthusiastic and devout being seek in religion a cure for the wounds of a heart disappointed in its first attachment ; an attachment which had unfortunately been allowed to fix itself deeply, from the vanity that at that period guided the conduct of Marie. She found herself courted, admired, and loved. She felt and conceived that no one could long resist her attractions, and the splendid fortune it was in her power to bestow on the man she married, and consequently she imagined she had only to chuse and to be sought. But, un-

happily for her, her choice fixed itself on one who was never likely to admire or seek her ; and the few attentions Monteith had shewn her, and which she often mistook for a warmer feeling, were nothing more than what he would have shewn to any agreeable young woman who appeared to like his society ; but as soon as he began to be sensible of her preference, he purposely avoided her.

On returning from visiting Marie, Rosa had met Monteith, who took the opportunity of engaging her to dance the first quadrille that evening ; when she reached home she named it to her mother, and asked if she disapproved of it, though probably conscious that, from being allowed to meet him, and to be occasionally in his society, it would not be denied. Let not, however, my heroine be accused of duplicity, for I believe those are little manœuvres that on such occasions the best of daughters practise on their indulgent mothers.

“ My dear Rosa,” said Lady de Clifford, “ you well know that circumstances are changed

with Mr. Monteith, since we conversed on the subject together; *you* are the person to decide whether the moderate fortune he has to offer the girl he marries will satisfy your wishes. In that case, dance with him. If not, refuse him; as nothing in my opinion can excuse a young person encouraging a man in his attentions, without intending to give him the reward he seeks."

At this speech of her mother's Rosa looked down and blushed. It required no answer, and if it did, it was given in the evening, when, on entering the ball-room, Monteith came to claim her as his partner, and the happy Rosa accepted him as such. But as the ball was later than usual, from the room not filling, Monteith stood by, and conversed with her, until the music should summon them to join the dancers. The party was soon increased by the St. Legers and some Yorkshire acquaintance of theirs, who, passing through Spa, on their *route* to Italy, had been detained a few days by their friends. Lady Goddard and her daughter were any thing

but elegant in their person or manners ; the son apparently had monopolized the *small* portion of gentility that nature had perhaps intended to disperse through the family, as he was a remarkably fine young man, and had nothing of the plebeian about him.

Lady Goddard, her son and daughter, were introduced to the de Cliffords, and the rest of the party known to the St. Legers. The Marquise de Schomberg was also standing with them, and they formed a little *cercle* in a corner of the ball-room. After Lady Goddard had been presented to the Marquise, the latter wishing, with the politeness peculiar to foreigners, to say something pleasing to the person she had been introduced to, remarked to her.

“ Monsieur votre fils est un très beau garçon.
“ Il est au service apparemment ?

“ Oh, oui, Madame,” replied Lady Goddard in a clear squeaking voice, and with a very bad French accent ; “ il y a six mois qu’il est *enceinte* de trois regiments de gardes.”

“ Enceinte !” repeated the Marquise, evi-

dently at first not understanding her meaning ; when, on casting a look on the party round her as if for information, in their countenances convulsed with laughter she soon discovered the mistake the poor woman had made. Conquering in a most wonderful manner her own inclination to laugh, she could only articulate with difficulty, “*mais quel malheur !*” which made it if possible worse to those who were standing by. Mr. St. Leger, who overheard her, and who even with his best friends could never miss a joke, said in a voice which he forced to appear sorrowful—

“ And pray, my dear madam, when does your son expect to be delivered ?”

“ Delivered ?” repeated the squeaking voice of Lady Goddard. “ You mean promoted. Ah ! I fear my poor son must not hope to be in the way of that yet awhile.”

How often have we not experienced, that when a party of young people are inclined to laugh, and their risible faculties are once set in motion, the smallest trifle will cause merriment

and laughter, and will act like touchwood to the smothered flame. So it was with de Clifford and Monteith. They could stand it no longer, and Hugh taking his friend's arm they turned away, and indulged themselves in a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Lady Goddard. At length de Clifford exclaimed—

“ How often do my countrymen and country-women cause me to blush for them on the continent. Now *there* is a woman who is probably considered amiable and respectable in her little confined neighbourhood in Yorkshire. She chooses to see the world and come abroad, perfectly ignorant of every thing beyond the little circle she has moved in all her life. Her title of *miladi* makes foreigners conceive her to be a person of rank, instead of being the wife of a brewer, who has been knighted by His Majesty on his presenting an address from his county. They receive her, therefore, into their society, and, disappointed and disgusted, they attribute to the whole class of English nobility the vulgar manners of this woman. I always long, when

I meet such people in society abroad, to send them back to their good substantial red brick house, and as substantial fare, in their country town ; just as you flog an Eton boy for going out of bounds, or the wilful child that has ventured beyond the forbidden precincts of its nursery. But pray tell me, how is it that the son, with such a vulgar mother, is really a gentleman-like young man."

" I understand," said Monteith, " that he was educated at Eton, but he is not of *our* day. From thence he was removed to Sandhurst, through the interest his father had with a nobleman in Yorkshire, to whose nephew, in a contested election, he had given the very extensive influence he possessed in the town where he resided, and by that means secured his return to parliament. He then got an ensigncy by some means or other in the third regiment of guards, or, to express myself in the style of Lady Goddard, became " *enceinte de trois regiments de gardes.*"

Here the young men again burst out into fits

of laughter, which were only put a stop to by the music striking up, and the necessity of claiming their partners. On their joining Lady Emma and Rosa, who were standing together, they found the former admiring the dress of the latter, which had been given to her in the morning by Marie.

“ I cannot say I admire that rainbow dress, or gaze d’Iris, as you call it, of Miss de Clifford’s,” said Monteith. “ I like nothing changeable, and a rainbow is proverbially so. I should, therefore, have preferred a dress without that variety of colour.”

“ But you know,” replied Rosa, “ time must and does change us all. Now, here you have a colour for our different ages; pink for youth, that beautifully blends itself into a lilac, which marks the quiet period of middle age, and here it again blends itself with sober green, to shew the colour most appropriate to the latter part of life, for I believe we ladies never acknowledge old age.”

“ I still must say, I do not like the dress, if

we are to change, as far as person goes, which I fear I must allow, I wish not to be reminded of it; and if you are to wear a memento of increasing years, better at once adopt the mob-cap and black hood of our grandmothers."

"I fear, in that case," replied Rosa, laughing, "I should have no partners to-night; and, as I mean to dance the whole evening, I beg to put off a little longer wearing the dress you recommend." In a few minutes Rosa put in practice what she threatened, and this delightful ball was, in after years, long remembered by her and Monteith.

For though he could not blame Lord de Clifford's anxiety, and care of his daughter, Monteith yet felt in some degree hurt at the necessity he appeared to think there was of knowing him better. Conscious that his character and conduct would bear the ordeal of the strictest scrutiny; and his fortune not appearing to be a bar to his seeking to gain the affections of Rosa, (which perhaps he had an indistinct feeling were already partly obtained,) he determined to make

her aware by that language so well known to lovers, (that of looks,) how devotedly attached he was to her, though he was forbidden to express in words all he felt; and, from her downcast eye, blushing cheek, and trembling hand when pressed by his, he scarcely required to be told the interest she felt in him. Rosa, likewise, could no longer doubt the love so well expressed in every look and gesture, and she gave herself up to that state of bliss which happens to us only once in our lives, when love rules paramount over all our thoughts and actions. Then, while we live but to enjoy the society of the object beloved, the world is forgotten, and even our dearest and most social ties are neglected. Under the influence of these feelings did Rosa and Monteith enjoy this happy evening, chiefly passed together. We will now return to the rest of the party.

Lady Goddard, notwithstanding the exertions of Mrs. St. Leger to prevent it, still continued during the evening to make herself ridiculous from her bad French, in which she was partly

encouraged by Mr. St. Leger, who, as usual, was happy at having any one at whose expense he could amuse himself. He had with some little difficulty persuaded de Méry to dance with Miss Goddard, and, while seated on a bench with her mother, the Chevalier and his partner came up to them, the quadrille being ended. Lady Goddard immediately patted to a vacant seat by her, for de Méry to occupy, who, apparently rather unwillingly, took possession of it.

“ Comptez vous, Madame, faire un long séjour à Spa ?” asked the Chevalier, with all the politeness of a Frenchman.

“ Oh, no,” replied her ladyship ; “ our time is limited, on account of my son. Car mon fils est un soldat, et il faut qu'il retourne à son régiment.”

“ Un soldat !” said de Méry, with surprise, then, good-naturedly entering into her mistake, added, “ Ah ! j'entends ; Monsieur est militaire.”

“ Soldat ou militaire, I suppose it is the same thing,” replied Lady Goddard.

Mrs. St. Leger now joined them, and de Méry, anxious to be off, got up, politely offering his seat, which was the only vacant one, Miss Goddard having been obliged to place herself on the bench behind her mother, who, on perceiving there was room near her daughter, immediately said, “ Mais n’allez pas, Monsieur ; il y a assez de place ; mettez vous sur mon derrière.”

A faint unconquerable smile passed over de Méry’s features, which was perceptible only to St. Leger, who was aware of the cause.

“ My dear Lady Goddard,” he answered, “ you are really too kind to my friend de Méry, as I doubt whether your size would admit of his taking advantage of your obliging offer.”

“ And why not ? ” returned her Ladyship, “ pray, don’t you make any remarks if you please on my size, and if I am grown of late years a little *in bump point*, you should not find fault with others, but look to yourself. And, my good friend, we have only to look back some twenty years, and we may recollect each other no

better than a lath and a thread paper in those days."

In the meantime, the Chevalier, perhaps alarmed at Lady Goddard's proposal, had taken French leave, and left the two friends to settle it together without him, as he began to feel that his risible faculties, like those of de Clifford and his friend, would not be able to stand it.

This happy evening was passed without one alloy by the lovers, and Lord de Clifford and Lord Glanmore, while witnessing their children's happiness, felt a pleasure known only to a parent, in seeing the connection they were preparing to form (and on which so much of human happiness depends) likely to be productive of felicity to those dear objects of paternal care.

On returning home from the ball, Rosa retired to bed, full of the most delightful visions, which even pursued her in her sleep. But, on waking in the morning, they were soon put to flight by learning that Marie had been taken

so ill in the night, as to oblige the Comtesse to have Hugh's groom called up, and despatched to the neighbouring town of Verviers, to desire the attendance of the physician from thence.

The whole of that and the following day they were most cruelly alarmed about her, as the physician (whom Lord de Clifford saw) appeared to think her in a most precarious state of health, from the increase of cough and fever, which had lately shewn itself. Her father at length determined to have the advice of the English physician who generally resides at Spa during the season. Accordingly, the first morning she was well enough to see her family, Lord de Clifford strongly urged her seeing Dr. Gardom. With some hesitation and unwillingness, Marie consented to his being sent for, and a note was immediately despatched to him.

He came; and, after passing half an hour with the invalid, in watching the various symptoms of her disorder, he took his leave, and

Lord de Clifford, who was in the adjoining room waiting his departure, followed and joined him as he was leaving the house. He then earnestly inquired what he thought of his patient.

“ You seem, my Lord, so much interested in the health of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin,” answered Dr. Gardom, “ that I will not conceal my opinion of the state of health she is in, as, perhaps, it is better her friends should be apprised of it. She has every appearance and symptom of a rapid decline, brought on in some degree by repeated neglected colds, which have been improperly treated. But the worst part of the complaint, and which makes me augur more unfavorably of its termination, is, that the mind is evidently not at ease, which in this case (as it does with most others) irritates the complaint. As the disorder decidedly appears not to be hereditary, much may still be hoped for, from change of scene and place, and the mind being diverted from dwelling on any thing but what is cheerful and pleasant.”

Lord de Clifford thanked Dr. Gardom for

the candid opinion he had given ; and, however alarming it might be considered, yet there still was hope, and, as a parent, he still clung to it. On returning to Marie, he told her he had seen and conversed with Dr. Gardom, and he mentioned to her his opinion in regard to change of place. “ As that is the case, my dear child,” continued Lord de Clifford, “ I am very anxious to persuade you to accompany us to England. We only wait for your recovery, when we shall prepare for our departure, and I will promise to bring you back to your mother, whenever you express the wish to return.”

“ I thank you, my dear father, but it is impossible. No, so long as I can be a comfort to my mother, so long as life is spared to me, I must remain with *her*. I never can or will leave her. I have only to recollect all she has done for me, and the proofs of undeviating affection that I have received from her from my birth, to feel that my duty as well as inclination lies in a road straight and clear before me ; and I can only say, like Ruth to *her* mother, in the example

given to us in the book, (pointing to a Catholic version of the Bible that was lying near her,) we *all* so highly prize, “Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and nought but death shall part thee and me.”

Lord de Clifford could not avoid feeling at this moment that Marie’s affection for her mother exceeded what she merited. “It is true, Marie,” he replied, “that your mother’s affection is great; but I must also add, that it has been of a selfish nature. Was she not actuated by self when she separated you from every relation and friend? Accidentally, it was in her power to secure to you riches. But might she not have consigned you to poverty, and caused you to be disowned by your nearest relations? Not satisfied with thus separating you bodily, she has also done it mentally, by bringing you up in another country, and educating you in another faith. For, not contented with parting you from us in this world, she has

aimed at doing it in the next ; for does not your religion forbid you to believe in the salvation of those who profess any other creed but your own ?”

“ It does so, certainly, my father,” replied Marie meekly, “ and, perhaps, as a good Catholic, I ought to think so ; but it is a theme on which I never allow my thoughts to fix—for an inward feeling assures me we shall *all* meet again, and then, I trust, my mother and myself, cleansed and purified from all the sins we have committed, may be allowed to meet, in that blessed state, all those I have loved on earth.”

“ Oh, my child,” ejaculated Lord de Clifford, “ name not yourself and mother in the same breath.”

This ejaculation of her father’s was not heard by Marie ; her thoughts at that moment were raised far above the present state of existence, and Lord de Clifford did not regret that his involuntary exclamation had been unheard. For Marie had, like most foreigners, been edu-

cated with high ideas of the duty of children to parents ; and, in that respect, a foreign education is certainly superior to ours. Abroad, the young men never forget that deference and respect which they consider due to their fathers and mothers ; and, even at the advanced age of forty or more, you will see them conduct themselves towards their parents as if still under their tutelage. To that, probably, may be attributed the frequency with which the different branches of a large family reside together in the greatest harmony and concord ; while in England, as soon as a young man reaches what is called the age of discretion, or more properly speaking, that of folly, he considers himself released from all trammels and shackles, for such are the names he attaches to the obligation of duty to parents ; and, “ cutting the whole concern,” as the young men of the present age pertinently express themselves, they shortly learn to consider their fathers and mothers as an incumbrance ; forgetting, however, that in their

turn they will be taught to feel in the conduct of their *own* children all the bitterness that must and ever will attend the neglect of our filial duties.

CHAPTER VI.

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance
Of mutual bliss ; sweet amid roseate bowers,
Led by the hand of *Love*, to weave the dance,
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

Pysche, by Mrs. Tighe.

IN the following week many changes took place in the little society that had hitherto passed so much of their time together at Spa. The St. Legers and Mr. Bacon were setting off on a tour up the banks of the Rhine. Mrs. St. Leger, it is supposed, had suggested this excursion in the hope that it would give greater opportunities to Mr. Bacon of putting the desirable question of “ Will you marry me ?” to

her daughter Sophia ; a hope which, ultimately, was not disappointed. And, as she had brought Mr. St. Leger into better order since the matrimonial curtain lecture which we have already repeated to our readers, the success of her schemes, in establishing her daughter as she wished, may perhaps be attributed to his conduct during the tour being such as not to call forth another from his chère moitié.

The Marquise Schomberg was also on the eve of returning to her own country, and she called to make her farewell visit to Lady de Clifford and Rosa. She appeared to regret the little probability there was of their again meeting, and, in the sorrow she so prettily expressed, Lady de Clifford most truly joined. For in the Marquise, she had met with agreeableness, sense, amiability, and worth, combined ; and to those was united a *tacte* and knowledge of the world, gained only in courts and cultivated society, which she had acquired in a high degree from having been for some years dame d'honneur to one of the empresses.

On rising to take leave of Lady de Clifford, she took her hand, and said, “ Ah, Miladi! combien je regrette d'avoir fait la connoissance d'une famille aussi aimable que la vôtre ! La mer qui sépare nos deux pays, et la distance immense par terre, ne me permet pas d'espérer de vous revoir dans ma patrie. Il ne me restera, donc, que des regrets, et le souvenir de l'agréable séjour que j'ai fait à Spa.”

“ I must, indeed,” replied Lady de Clifford, “ regret the little chance there is of our again meeting. It is certainly painful, my dear Marquise, to think that we have no hope of again enjoying the society of those we so much admire and esteem. But the recollection of the many delightful *soirées* passed together, will long be remembered by me, as having derived their greatest charm from the pleasure of your society.”

The Marquise then remarked a small box of Spa manufacture on the table, and asked Rosa if it was hers. On her reply in the affirmative, she took it up, and said, “ Je le garde ; mais je

ne vous pas que veux disiez que c'est un larcin que je vous fais, car il faut absolument que vous acceptiez en échange ce petit souvenir d'une amie qui vous souhaite sincèrement tout le bonheur possible. Me seroit-il permise d'ajouter que je vous le souhaite dans le mariage, car je doute fort, si ma jeune amie n'y songera pas bientôt."

Then, taking out of her reticule some *tamblettes*, in mother-of-pearl, magnificently set in embossed gold, she presented them to Rosa, who had coloured up at the inuendo conveyed in the latter part of her speech. On her accepting them, and thanking her for the valuable exchange she had made in so flattering a manner, the Marquise embraced her on both cheeks, and then took an affectionate leave of both the mother and daughter.

Since Marie's increased danger and illness, Rosa had seen but little of Monteith, who now began to be more than ever dissatisfied with the conditions Lord de Clifford had attached to his seeing his daughter, and at his not being allowed to express his sentiments in a more de-

cided manner. He determined, therefore, to speak himself to Lady de Clifford, as he perceived she was apparently the only one in the family who was not so enthusiastically devoted to Marie. And, as he remarked that she often walked alone in the promenade early in the morning, after drinking the waters, he watched the opportunity, and met her in the *Sept-heures*. He soon managed to enter on the subject he had so much at heart, and, after expressing his unwillingness to break through the rules prescribed for his conduct, which he now began to find almost beyond his powers to abide by, “ I have ventured,” he continued, “ Lady de Clifford, to address you on the subject, in preference to Lord de Clifford, in the hope that I should find you more inclined to listen to my wishes. Indeed, Hugh jestingly told me the other day, that as my countrywoman I was more likely to plead my cause successfully to you, from our well-known partiality to the natives of our own country. You see, therefore, I have taken his hint.”

“ I think Hugh,” answered Lady de Clifford, smiling, “ was mistaken in his judgment. You forget I have married an Englishman, and, from a happy marriage of twenty-one years, am probably much more inclined to wish my daughter should settle in England, and keep her near me, than that she should attach herself to a country from which, however partial I may be to it, I am for ever disunited.”

“ I fear then,” said Monteith, looking much disappointed, “ I shall not find your Ladyship my friend on this subject.”

“ Excuse me, your friend I am, and I may add, have proved myself so, without your being aware of it. But you, who know how very young Rosa is, how little she has seen of the world, must be likewise sensible with what regret we shall part with her, and how anxious we must be, to be assured that the person to whom we resign her, should be worthy of her. But, however, to prove how much I am inclined to do the utmost for you, I will make an appointment to meet you here on Saturday next, and

hope by that time to have had an opportunity of speaking to Lord de Clifford; and I trust his answer will be favourable to your wishes."

Monteith, at the conclusion of this speech, seized her hand, and respectfully raising it to his lips, warmly thanked her for her kindness. Lady de Clifford had ventured to say this, knowing that, by the day she had mentioned, the answer would be received to the letter Lord de Clifford had written to his friend in England.

On withdrawing her hand from Monteith, she smiled, and remarked, "It was fortunate Lady Charteris was not in the walk to report what she might have seen."

"It would not have lost by the repetition," answered Monteith, "and, as you have named her, will Lady de Clifford allow me to mention what, through her and Mrs. St. Leger, has lately been the subject of conversation in this place, as, perhaps, if not true, you will give me leave to contradict it."

"You will oblige me by telling me, though really I should scarcely have imagined that, in-

terferring with no one, and living in the retired quiet way we do here, we should have become the objects of gossip and slander."

" Not of the latter, but of the former you certainly are, and I fear no where will you find yourself exempt from it. But I understand that Lady Charteris has, through the old physician here, (who gained the information from Dulot, whom he is attending,) discovered that La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon is the ci-devant Lady Ellis, whom Lady Charteris has traced to be the divorced wife of Lord de Clifford. The interest shewn by your family for Mademoiselle de St. Quentin is, therefore, supposed to originate from the tie that connects her to de Clifford."

" What you have heard, Mr. Monteith, is in part true. We did not wish it, for many reasons, to be known. But, according to our Scotch proverb, ' three can keep a secret if twa be awa.' So it was scarcely to be expected that one known to so many should long remain undiscovered. I must, however, set you right in

one respect. Marie St. Quentin bears her mother's name, which, by her great-uncle's will, she is compelled to do, as her mother's heiress. But she is, nevertheless, Lord de Clifford's daughter and Hugh's sister."

On seeing the astonishment expressed on Monteith's countenance, she explained to him the causes that, for so many years, had separated Marie from her father. On hearing them, he no longer experienced any surprise at the attachment the family felt for one so deservedly dear to them all, and who had become known to them as a relation under circumstances so extraordinary.

The morning on which this conversation had taken place Rosa passed with her sister, and was delighted at seeing her look so much better, from the deceptive colour on her cheek.

"Surely," said Rosa, "you think yourself, dearest Marie, recovering from your late attack. Your cough appears to annoy you much less than it did."

"*Ma chère sœur,*" replied the invalid, "how-

ever I may be tempted to deceive my affectionate Hugh, whose mind at this moment appears ill able to bear even the thoughts of the probable termination of my illness, *you* I will not allow to remain under a delusion, which I am weak enough sometimes to court myself. Rosa, I have seen a young friend carried off in the prime of life like myself; and although her friends deceived her to the last moment, until the religious duties and ceremonies of our religion inform us every hope is gone, yet we who surrounded her knew full well that her days were numbered. With such an instance so lately before my eyes, can I deceive myself? No, my Rosa, to you I venture to say, as being less nearly connected with me, what I cannot hint to my father and brother, that I feel there is no hope for me; and the very anxiety shewn by those around me too clearly proves it."

"Oh, say not so," exclaimed Rosa, throwing herself into Marie's arms, and bursting into tears, "say not I am less nearly connected with you, and that therefore I feel less! Are you

not my sister? do we not love and honour the same father? and though you have not been blessed, as I have been, with the same excellent mother, yet——”

Marie put her hand over Rosa's mouth.
“Hush, my Rosa, you forget. *She* is still my mother, still the same fond and affectionate parent, such as yours has been to you. Her faults may have been great, but a daughter sees them not. Prayer and penitence, our blessed religion gives us every hope, have long since reconciled her to her God, through the intercession of *la Sainte Vierge, et notre bon Sauveur*. Is a child, then, to be less merciful? No, my dear sister, forget her errors, like me, and see in her only the kind and attached parent of your Marie.”

Rosa felt that *that* must ever be impossible; she was therefore silent. Marie, after a short pause, recovering her breath, which was excessively short, resumed the conversation.

“Tell me, my beloved sister, are my hopes likely to be gratified, in seeing those I love and

admire ultimately united ? Will your father listen to the proposals Mr. Monteith, from his brother's liberality, is now enabled to make ? For that he intends to offer himself to you, there is, I believe, dearest Rosa, but little doubt."

" Marie, how can you imagine that at this moment, when you are so ill, and even considered in danger, I should think of any thing relating to self? And perhaps it is a subject which, under all the circumstances connected with it, we had better not converse on, as it can only tend to make you more unwell than you now are."

" Rosa, there was a time when that might have been the case ; and though I will not conceal from you that my attachment to Mr. Monteith still exists, yet think not your friend and sister so selfish as to regret *you* are likely to possess a happiness *she* can never be blessed with ; *that* of duty, religion, and a father's sanction, permitting you to devote your life to him of whose esteem and love you are so well assured. My sister, I may now say, as the

Persian allegorically and so beautifully expresses it, love to me is like the morning sun, whose shadows decrease as the day advances. But friendship is like the beams of the evening sun, whose shadows increase as it declines, and are only lost with the glorious planet that gave them birth. Friendship is now every thing to me. As my day declines, the illusions of the morning of my life vanish, and I live only to love those dear and beloved relations that Providence, I doubt not, for wise purposes," she added, bowing her head with devotion, "has permitted me to know for so short a time. Tell me, therefore, dearest sister," she continued, "every thing that has passed lately between you and Monteith; for, believe me, your happiness, and that of my much loved Hugh, is now the only thing that attaches me to life and this world."

Rosa had never (from knowing Marie's sentiments) been able to overcome the diffidence she felt in regard to conversing with her on the subject of Monteith, though she had often been

pressed by her to do so. But now, getting the better of her shyness, from the fear that her sister might think her close and reserved, she informed her how she was situated; that, previously forbidden to meet him, she was now allowed to do so; and that she had little doubt, on the first opportunity, Monteith would more openly explain himself, as it was probable her parents would not *now* object to what she considered as conducive to her happiness; and she frankly owned to Marie, that the summit of all her wishes was to become the wife of a man who appeared so devotedly attached to her.

Marie drew her affectionately towards her, and while a silent tear found its way down her pale wan cheek, she pressed Rosa's hands between her own, with all a sister's love; though in her sunk and lovely features might be perceived the expression of blighted hopes, and which too plainly shewed the broken heart concealed within. She appeared anxious to speak to

Rosa, but articulation, from weakness and overstrained feelings, was for the moment denied her. As she was recovering herself, she heard her mother's step approaching the sitting-room through her bed-room, which was on the ground-floor, to prevent her having the inconvenience of going up stairs. Making a sign to Rosa, that she wished her to leave her, the former escaped through an opposite door that opened on the front entrance.

Two days of incessant rain confined entirely to their houses the few remaining families that still continued lingering at Spa, as if unwilling to return to their country or to their homes ; the larger proportion of which, I regret to say, were English. The weather had, therefore, prevented Lady de Clifford keeping her appointment with Monteith, but, as the letter received from General Lord Cartwright was most satisfactory, and gave the highest character “ of the most gentleman-like, high-principled, and best-conducted young man that had ever been

attached to his staff," for such he described Monteith, Lord de Clifford felt he had no longer a right to delay consenting to his Rosa's wishes, and her mother was authorized to inform him of it, which she immediately did in writing.

Lord de Clifford was probably more inclined to give up all his ambitious views for his daughter, from witnessing in Marie at that moment the fatal effects, combined with other causes, of an unfortunate and unrequited attachment; and from his knowledge of Rosa's character, he was aware that her love for Monteith was not likely to prove of that evanescent kind, which may be compared to the moth that flutters round the flame, occasionally singeing its wings, 'tis true, but more often escaping from being seriously hurt.

I fear this comparison does not boast of novelty. But in a work like this, where the track you follow has been so well beaten and trod before, the utmost you can hope for, is so to arrange and dress up your old materials as to make them agreeable to your readers.

While writing these pages, and *the thoughts* as they have occurred to me, I have sometimes feared I might be accused of adopting those of others. If I have done so unconsciously, I can only say, with the elegant author of that beautiful poem from which I have extracted the lines placed at the head of this chapter, “that, if I have subjected myself to the charge of plagiarism, it has been by adopting the words or images which floated upon my mind, without accurately examining, or being indeed able to distinguish, whether I owed them to memory or imagination.”

It is time, however, to return to my tale, and excuse myself to my readers for this digression.

It will, I should think, be unnecessary to mention the feelings of rapture and ecstacy experienced by Monteith, when Lady de Clifford’s note informed him that every prohibition was at an end. He now had little doubt that he might consider Rosa as his. For there are few men, I believe, who are not fully aware,

before they propose to a woman, what degree of influence they possess, and the success they are likely to meet with.

After church the next day, as Marie was to be engaged with her confessor, Hugh, with his usual good nature, proposed that Rosa should ride with him and his father; and, still more good naturally, gave Monteith a hint of their intention. Accordingly, they had scarcely left the town of Spa before they were joined by him, and de Clifford choosing a road where it was necessary the party should separate, which had hitherto been riding in a line together, he managed to draw his father some distance forward, to allow his sister and friend a happy tête-à-tête together. That this was taken advantage of by the latter, I imagine it is unnecessary for me to add.

Rosa attempted to ride forward and join her father and brother, half afraid, yet expecting, what might be the result of their being thus left alone together, though still feeling anxious to delay an explanation so long wished for;

strange contrariety and inconsistency in our sex, but which is, I believe, experienced by most of the young and timid girls of the age of my heroine. But Monteith, catching the curb-rein that hung loose on her pony's neck, said—

“No, Miss de Clifford, I have already once before had the care of you, and you must allow me again to put both you and your pony ‘in durance vile,’ until you have heard all I wish to say, as it is not often an opportunity like the present is permitted me.”

Rosa's fair cheek was covered with blushes, but as it was averted from Monteith, he could not judge of the effect this speech had upon her. He then informed her of his long attachment, his misery when he knew it to be hopeless from his poverty, and, when his brother's noble conduct allowed him to hope for success, the fears he had lately suffered from the restrictions laid on him by her father, restrictions that were only taken off the day before.

“And had you fears on no other subject?” interrupted Rosa, looking at him archly from

under her cottage bonnet, and who had, while he was telling her all a lover's hopes and fears, in some degree recovered from her confusion.

“ Yes,” replied Monteith, smiling, “ Elmsworth frequently gave me cause to fear, that his rank, family, and fortune, and invariable good temper, would have greater weight than I wished both with you and your family.”

“ And perhaps you deserved it should have done so,” said Rosa, “ as a punishment for the suspicious, captious temper I have seen you occasionally shew. Do you remember Justanville, and the conduct subsequent to it?” she added, shaking her head.

“ Yes, I do, and I also remember your taking Elmsworth’s arm in preference to mine, and then being perfectly indifferent to all the misery you had caused me to suffer. But you were, and are, dearest Rosa, (if you will allow me so to call you,) but little aware how devotedly and fervently I have long been attached to you.”

Here I will stop, as, however interesting this conversation was to the person to whom it was

addressed, it is possible it may be otherwise to my readers. I will, therefore, only mention, that a long ride of more than two hours appeared scarcely a quarter of the time to the happy Rosa and her lover, who, on the following morning, called on Lord de Clifford, and made the most liberal proposals in regard to settlements ; Hugh, with his characteristic generosity, adding £5000 to the £10,000 Lord Trelawney's will had enabled his father to settle on each of his younger children, and which was the utmost that the entailed property of Trelawney allowed Hugh to give.

But Rosa's happiness was soon interrupted. Marie's health declining in a most rapid manner, in the course of a few days she was completely given over by her physicians. Every thought of the de Clifford family centred in her. Hugh, devoted to her, had latterly seen but little of Lady Emma ; and though he heard of their departure with a sigh of regret, he soon conquered all those selfish feelings, and, apparently forgetting his attachment to Emma Fairfax, his

time and thoughts became solely engrossed by his patient and suffering sister. He and his father scarcely ever left her during the morning, except those hours that were devoted to the priest that attended her. Her resignation and unaffected piety made all her family, with the exception of de Clifford, in some degree resigned to the fatal termination of her disorder.

At length Dr. Gardom, who saw her every day more as a friend than physician, hinted to Lord de Clifford, that he feared in another day, or in a few hours, this young and amiable creature might be withdrawn from her friends, to claim in a better world the reward promised to those who, so young, escaping the temptations that surround us in this state of existence, resign their souls pure and unspotted into the hands of the great Creator.

When Dr. Gardom informed Lord de Clifford of his daughter's state, (for such she was now generally known to be at Spa,) he thought it better Hugh should also be informed of it, as he hoped in some degree it might tend to pre-

pare him for what was likely to happen, which at present he could not bring himself to think of with any degree of resignation ; and his father dreading, with his violent, enthusiastic, and irritable temper, the melancholy event coming upon him unprepared.

Lord de Clifford had passed an hour with his suffering daughter that morning, who, though she did not acknowledge by words that she was aware of her situation, yet, from her conversation, he had little doubt that she was sensible her life would not last long. He was sitting by her as she reclined on the sofa, watching, without speaking, her pale and lovely countenance, the sweet expression of which neither sickness nor approaching death could alter, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and, taking his hand and pressing it fervently between her own emaciated ones, she said, “ My father, are we alone ? ”

“ We are, my beloved child,” replied Lord de Clifford.

“ My father ! ” Marie then continued, “ my

dearest, best of fathers ! Oh ! let me, now that we are alone together, express all my thanks for the never-ceasing kindness you have shewn your first Rosa, since you have known her to be your daughter. Soon a long, and perhaps dreary night will for ever close on me, and your Marie will cease to live, and to be remembered except by a few, who, I am assured, will not easily forget her. Will you, then, promise to receive the last wishes of your child, and to act up to them ?”

Lord de Clifford assured her, in an unsteady voice, that she might depend on his doing so. She then took two papers, which were concealed within the folds of her dress, and, selecting the one addressed to him, gave it to her father. “ Have you,” she asked in a faint voice, “ any idea how long I am doomed to suffer ? But why do I ask ! rather let me await patiently the moment when it is the will of the Almighty to release me. I wish, if possible, to fortify my mind against the dreadful

moment when all I loved on earth will be torn from me. Let me not weaken my mind by gloomy presages and terrors. Let me only look to *Him*, and hope in *Him*, who will, I trust, bear me safely through it all. My father, one last request your child, your first loved Rosa, wishes to make. At that dread moment when the depths of eternity open before me, oh, be with your Marie; let me once, if only once, at that awful solemn moment when death will for ever separate me from them, see my father, my mother, and my brother, united by the side of their child and sister." She here stopped from faintness and extreme agitation. Lord de Clifford took that opportunity of assuring her that her request should be acceded to. But he could not bring himself to inform her how soon he might probably be called on to pay those last duties to *her*, which, in the natural course of nature, it was to have been expected would have fallen on the child instead of the parent.

Lord de Clifford could not avoid admiring the firmness, (though weakened in body, and, of course, in mind,) with which his amiable and interesting child viewed the slow and certain approach of the enemy to mankind. Death, to the strongest and firmest mind, must ever be accompanied with terrors. But how often do we witness that youth will brave them without shrinking, while age will sink under them ; and, after all, what is death that we should thus dread it ? Let us try and consider it as the appointed place of rest, which a kind and provident Father has prepared for us, and secured to those, who, after a long and toilsome journey, are, by that superintending Parent, allowed to be at peace, freed from the sorrows, cares, and troubles, that constantly beset us in the path which our (perhaps) wayward fortune obliges us to tread, until we are called by our blessed Saviour to share with him the happiness promised to the virtuous and the good. Happy, therefore, are those who, viewing death in this light, can, by their good conduct in this world

of trial, assure themselves of a happy inheritance in the life to come.

On leaving his daughter, Lord de Clifford sought his son, and was compelled to tell him the opinion Dr. Gardom had given of the state of Marie. Poor de Clifford was completely stupefied by the information. In vain did Lady de Clifford and his father try to rouse him. His enthusiastic affection for his sister so lately acquired, and who was so soon to be lost to him, made him suffer the acutest misery at the idea of being thus bereaved of one so dearly loved. The dinner, scarcely touched by any of them, was soon removed, and the evening passed away slowly and gloomily.

De Clifford was not satisfied unless a messenger was sent every ten minutes to inquire after the suffering invalid. The answer never varied—"She was much the same." At ten o'clock, however, the servant returned with the intelligence that she was much worse. Lady de Clifford and Rosa were at last persuaded to retire to their beds, and at half-past eleven Lord

de Clifford determined to lie down for a short time, leaving Hugh in the drawing-room, who refused to move from thence.

In vain did he try to reconcile himself to the inevitable fate of his unhappy sister. He walked up and down the room with a hurried step, vainly trying to drive away, by rapid motion, the miserable feelings that haunted him. At last, throwing himself on the sofa, he gave vent to a violent burst of grief, which he could no longer controul, when, on a sudden, the agony he was in instantaneously ceased—his sobs were hushed—he listened.—Yes!—he could no longer doubt—distinctly did he hear the well-known tinkle of the little bell, which is rung to inform all good Catholics that the Host is approaching, and which also gave Hugh the melancholy information that the last rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church were going to be administered to a dying Christian of that faith.

De Clifford stopped as he was flying to the window to watch its progress down the street.

A suffocating oppressive feeling came over him. The thought, “could it be going to Marie ?” he vainly tried to reject. He untied his neckcloth, for at that moment he found it impossible to draw his breath. He opened the window;—not a breath of wind was to be heard, but a calm still September evening allowed him to see the lights that accompany the Host, and distinctly to hear the bell even at the farthest distance. He continued to watch it, in the hope it would take the contrary direction to that where his mother dwelt. The procession appeared to turn the opposite way. Humbly he clasped his hands together, and thankfully raised them in pious gratitude to Heaven! But, alas! when he looked again, he perceived, on turning his eyes towards the spot, that something in the road had probably obliged them to deviate from their path, for they had now taken the dreaded turn that led to the Comtesse’s apartments.

He could no longer remain where he was.—To be alone, (what he had most wished for an hour before,) was now dreadful. He, therefore,

gently approached his father's room and knocked at the door. Lord de Clifford in a few minutes opened it.

"Oh my dear father!" exclaimed Hugh, "for God's sake dress yourself. Marie is, I am certain, dying. The Host is gone to her; I have watched it, and saw it turn in that direction. Oh God! there is then no hope."

Lord de Clifford saw how vain it was to attempt to reason with his son at that moment of agonizing sorrow. But, complying with his request, and happy to leave Lady de Clifford asleep, who had been much agitated by the state of anxiety she had been kept in during the day, he immediately dressed himself, and accompanied him to his mother's house. Bertine answered the gentle ring they gave; her appearance told but too plainly the state of her poor young mistress. She followed them into the drawing-room, and seating herself on a chair, and throwing her black apron over her head, she burst into the most violent flood of tears. "All hope was gone—She was then re-

ceiving les saints sacréments," was all she could articulate.

While waiting in the drawing-room for the summons they expected soon to receive, when probably for the last time they should see their beloved Marie, every thing in the room became of consequence to de Clifford. On that sofa she reclined, that book she was reading, those faded flowers she was admiring but the day before. At that melancholy moment de Clifford more than ever felt and lamented the cruel policy of her mother, who, in thus bringing his sister up in another faith, had prevented their sharing in those religious duties that ever prove a happiness and consolation to those who are likely soon to be deprived of a dear relative. To share in them tends to soothe and calm the grief that has been found before unconquerable. It subdues all murmuring thoughts, and reconciles us to every appointment of Divine Providence.

At length the tinkling bell was again heard, and informed them the melancholy service was

over. Bertine, repressing her sobs, with noiseless steps left the room ; and in about ten minutes the bed-room door opened, and she motioned to them to enter. Marie was lying on the bed, dressed as she was in the morning, supported by pillows ; on one side of the bed was her mother, whose head rested on the bolster, and her convulsive sobs were most audible.

Here, then, for the first time after twenty-two years, did Lord de Clifford meet *her*, whom conscience told him he had erred in marrying, and who had, by her subsequent conduct, as far as she could, revenged herself on him. Here Hugh, also, for the first time saw *her* as his mother from whom his heart had hitherto recoiled. On hearing them enter the room, Marie opened her eyes. Both her father and brother approached her on the opposite side of the bed to that where her mother had placed herself. She took their hands in hers, and said, in a low and faint voice, and apparently tremulous from agitation—

“ Prepared as I now am, I rust, for the awful

change that must soon take place, let me hope that my father and my beloved brother will cheer the few hours or minutes that may be granted me, in assuring me that they have forgiven the dear and affectionate mother who has watched over me through life. Let me have the happiness of seeing that pardon granted for errors and sins, long since, I hope, forgiven and repented of."

"I do sincerely pardon," replied Lord de Clifford. "My forgiveness she has long had, and to hear of her happiness and welfare has ever been my most anxious wish."

"And my brother?" asked Marie, in a beseeching plaintive tone of voice.

"Ah! what can you ask and be refused, my beloved, my angel sister!" exclaimed de Clifford. "Yes, my forgiveness is hers, and from this moment I will think and feel as you wish."

Marie during this time had hold of her father's and brother's hand. As Hugh concluded speaking, she raised her eyes to heaven in apparent thankfulness, and taking her mother's hand joined

it with Lord de Clifford's and Hugh's in hers, and pressing them together, said, “Oh ! Sainte Vierge, je te rends grâce!” It appeared as if the effort had been too much for her strength, for, immediately after, her head dropped apparently lifeless. Her father attempted to raise it. For a second the eyelids remained closed. At length, opening her eyes, and casting them on her loved brother, as if *he* were the last object she wished to gaze on, she gave a deep and long-drawn sigh. In a few minutes a slight convulsion passed over the features ; the eyes fixed in apparent vacancy, became stiffened ; and soon Lord de Clifford was aware the final agony was past, and that life had fled !

He fulfilled his last promise to the unfortunate Marie ; he closed her eyes, and, laying her head as gently on the pillow as if she had still been living, he for a few seconds looked at the countenance interesting even in death, for it bore only the appearance of peace and repose.

De Clifford had sunk on his knees by the

side of the bed. Vainly for many minutes did Lord de Clifford try to remove him from the corpse of his sister. Bertine had previously, with some exertion, got the Comtesse, (who had latterly appeared unconscious of all that was passing around her,) into the adjoining room. Through that room Lord de Clifford and his son were compelled to pass, after he had with difficulty persuaded Hugh to leave his sister's apartment. She was there in an agony of convulsive sorrow, her head lying on the arm of the sofa, and her maid trying to give that consolation which she required almost as much herself.

De Clifford's heart was, at that moment, softened by the scene of death he had witnessed. He now felt for the melancholy situation of his mother, thus bereaved of every earthly comfort and happiness by the loss of her daughter ; he went up to her. " My mother !" he said, in a low inarticulate voice ; it was the first time he had ever addressed her by the name ; his voice faltered as he did so. She started, and looked up at him, but more as if the name recalled to

her the recollection of the idolized Marie. She then motioned to him with her hand to leave her, and again her head sank on the sofa.

De Clifford took her hand. "My mother," he continued, "it is hard, perhaps, for a parent to receive the forgiveness of a child, but mine you have; and if in future times you should have cause to require the support of your son, ever will you find him ready to protect you, and consult your wishes where your happiness is concerned." She made him no answer, and, after waiting a few minutes, he turned away. But, before they left the room, both father and son took a hasty farewell glance of the divorced wife and the mother, whom they were never likely to meet or see again.

To describe the state of mind of both Lord de Clifford and Hugh on their return home, is impossible. It is only to be understood by those who have suffered like them; and how many are there, in this world of sorrow and trial, who have lost a dear and loved relation, and can remember the state of affliction each

individual of the family was in. When the morning dawns upon them, after death has deprived them during the night of a sister, a daughter, or a parent, how painful is the certainty that the sun, that so brightly shines on every object around, will no longer be viewed by them ! It appears at first impossible that Providence could so have afflicted us. But soon the closed shutters, the soft tread of every one who moves in the house, as if fearful of awakening those who are called to their eternal sleep, reminds you that the being so fondly loved is gone—and gone for ever !

And what eventually reconciles us to a loss so deeply lamented and deplored ? The certain hope that arises within us that we are destined to meet again ; a hope that animates and raises the drooping spirit ; that teaches us—

— to fix our ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to *Thee*, in *Thee* to die.

CHAPTER VII.

— Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictured life : —
Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering *thoughts*
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
All now are vanished !”

Akenside.

THE day after the melancholy event we have detailed, Rosa's and Hugh's grief appeared to absorb every other feeling. With the latter it continued to a degree that Lady de Clifford considered it wrong to allow him to encourage. The morning after his sister's death he had gone to view once more her cold and inanimate remains. Who ever has, or can describe so well his feel-

ings as the lamented Author of the *Giaour*? While memory recalls those well-remembered lines, can I dare venture to attempt to delineate or portray de Clifford's feelings? I am convinced that those who peruse these volumes will thank me for bringing the lines to their recollection by transcribing them :—

“ He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled ;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress ;
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes,—but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
We still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death reveal'd !”—

After this mournful visit, Lady de Clifford

was not surprised to find that, that day and the next, Hugh indulged his grief uncontrolled. But, finding it continued, she determined to speak to him seriously on the subject. On going into his room after breakfast, she found him with his arms on the table, and his head lying on them. She seated herself by him, and affectionately putting her hand on one of his, said —

“ My dearest Hugh, forgive my intruding on your sorrows. But allow me to say, you have no right thus to murmur at the will of the Almighty. However wretched we may be, we are bound to offer the incense of cheerful resignation to Heaven, and learn to submit to *His* decrees. How dare you thus regret that the Almighty has recalled your sister to enjoy that eternal felicity which we have every hope she merited ? With what firm confidence ought we not, therefore, to resign ourselves to *his* dispensations, that thus make our sorrows here enhance the blessings we hope to receive hereafter ! With these hopes, dearest Hugh, dare you repine ?

And even could we turn aside the keen shaft of death, does not reason, does not religion assure us, that probably, instead of giving happiness to *her* he has thought fit to strike, we should give only lasting misery. You look at me incredulously, dear Hugh, but so it is ; for even in your lamented sister's case, I can prove it. You knew not as well as Rosa did the weakness of her heart. Passionately attached to Monteith, would she have been happy in seeing Rosa the loved wife of him she had sought and admired, while she herself was neglected and her love rejected ? No ; for her too sensitive heart, and her quick intellectual feeling would have prevented her ever enjoying the happiness of reciprocal affection in the married state, from having fixed her first affections on one attached to another. In her own family would she have been happy ?—Ah, no ! for her too keen sense of the duties she owed her mother would have for ever separated her from them ; and knowing, as she did, her mother's conduct in early life, could she, with her high

sense of religion, have continued to respect her and be happy ?—No. Believe me then, dear Hugh, the Almighty in his mercy recalled her pure spirit from a world in which she was destined only to meet with trials and sorrows. *She* felt it so herself. Freely, however, do I join with you in lamenting that a being so amiable and so lovely should thus suddenly have been snatched from her family and friends. No one could admire more than I did her brilliant talents ; none better appreciated the excellence of her character. Willingly, therefore, do I pay the tribute she so well deserved, of love, admiration, and regret. But, in regretting the faultless being we have lost, let us, if possible, learn to imitate the pious resignation of your angel sister. Her soul, emerged from the clay in which it was embodied, has sought its kindred skies. Shall we, then, wish to recal her from happiness,—eternal happiness above, to sorrow and disappointment here below ?”

Lady de Clifford thus by turns soothed and lamented with, and checked the extreme grief

of Hugh. The third day after Marie's death he appeared more resigned, and capable of conversing with his father, on what was necessary to be done in regard to the funeral. Lord de Clifford took that opportunity of shewing him the paper she had put into his hands on the morning of her death. It was as follows.

“ The last wishes of Rosa Marie Anne, addressed to her beloved father.

“ My dear and honoured father will, I hope, consent to comply with the last request of his Marie. In the full confidence, therefore, that my wishes will be attended to by him, I venture to request that, when my parting spirit is received into the bosom of its Creator, the clog of earth from which it has been released may be conveyed to Paris, and buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. That a simple sarcophagus may be placed over my remains ; and the name of Rosa Mary Anne, *alone* be inscribed on it, without any reference to the name of either of my

parents. Long, I know, will the recollection of Marie be treasured in the hearts of those she loved, and who loved her. By them only she wishes to be remembered; by all others forgotten. The stigma and doubt that must ever remain on her birth, preclude her adopting the name she has a right to; and if not that, no other does she wish to have traced on the stone that marks the spot where rest the last earthly remains of the unfortunate Marie. But let me not be ungrateful! Oh, my father, the word has escaped me; for, surrounded by those who thus watch every breath I draw, who linger near my couch of pain and suffering, dare I call myself unfortunate? No, my trials have been short; perhaps I might add severe. But, after a short probation of suffering, am I not led to hope that I shall be rewarded for them?

“I now come to the painful part of what I was desirous of naming to you. My father, oh try and persuade my brother to forgive his erring parent, the kind, the affectionate mother of his Marie! Beg him, intreat him, for my

sake, to forget his many causes of reproach towards her, and view her only as the loved parent of his sister. My spirit will, under the promise of his fulfilling these my last wishes, ascend to those blessed regions of eternal rest in peace and happiness.”

To this paper there was no signature; and, as De Clifford read it over and over again, the truth of Lady de Clifford’s words most forcibly struck him, and he began to doubt whether, circumstanced as she was, happiness would ever have been her lot.

Hugh took a last and lingering look at her cold remains before they were for ever closed in the dark cell that had received them; and, according to her last request, they were removed to Paris, Lord de Clifford and his son preceding them by a few days.

The morning after the body left Spa, the Comte de la Roche Guyon arrived there, and the Comtesse and family departed for Germany on the following day; no communication what-

ever having taken place between her and the de Clifford family.

Every necessary step having been previously taken, and the spot chosen in the cimetière of Père la Chaise, the body was, on its arrival at Paris, there buried, according to the desire of Marie. The only alteration made was at the request of de Clifford. On the sarcophagus, chiselled from the purest and the whitest marble, resting on a pedestal of the same, which was placed over the spot where her remains lay buried, he had engraved, under the names of Rosa Mary Anne, the following addition; on one side, “A une fille chérie;” on the other, “A une sœur bien aimée.” Two weeping willows were planted at the head and foot of the grave. And there, probably, should any of my countrymen be tempted to visit that melancholy and lovely spot, they may, in a retired part, high on the right as you ascend the hill, see the sarcophagus which I have described.

Before I quit this gloomy subject, I must mention a circumstance that occurred at and

after the interment of our lamented heroine. The funeral was followed by a gentleman, who joined it as it entered the burial-ground. He was wrapped up in a large black wrapping-cloak, like the military ones now worn, which completely concealed his features and person, and his hat was slouched over his face. His grief appeared to equal that of the father and brother. After the funeral he was no more seen.

In the following spring de Clifford visited Paris, to see if his order had been attended to correctly, in regard to the monument. It *had* been; but on the top of the sarcophagus was hung a garland of the flower known by the name of everlasting, intermingled with small pieces of myrtle, emblematical of lasting love. It appeared quite fresh. The following year de Clifford again visited the same spot; another garland, of the same flowers, had been, apparently, lately placed there. The third year, on making his annual visit to the grave of his ever regretted sister, the garland was there, 'tis true, but faded and partly destroyed by

time and weather. Hugh could only imagine that he who placed it there no longer lived to perform this cherished duty, for such it is considered by Catholics; and often, in after years, did the recollection of this circumstance raise and excite his curiosity, as he had no remembrance of any one who had ever shewn sufficient interest (to his knowledge) in Marie to lead them thus faithfully to cherish her memory.

Reader, it is now in vain to conceal it; with the death of the unfortunate Marie, whom I will acknowledge to be, likewise, notwithstanding *one* fatal fault, my *favourite* heroine, (for even an author must and does feel a preference,) I have lost all interest in this work. The body remains, if I may be allowed to speak metaphorically; but the soul, the spirit, is gone. Judge, therefore if I am able any longer to please, amuse, or enter-

tain, those who have been tempted to peruse these volumes. I feel how different all my characters will appear, from what they have hitherto done, now that the being is gone who animated them, and who called into action the amiable, and perhaps, also, the unamiable qualities of their mind and temper.

Would de Clifford be the same? Ah no! Six weeks of sorrow, anxiety, and shame, let me add, for a parent, whose conduct, when viewed at a distance, had never, however it might be reprobated and condemned, been so severely felt as when accident had brought him in contact with a mother whom he could neither love nor respect—this, and the scenes he had lately witnessed, had sobered his judgment, had corrected in a great degree the faults of his temper, and had fixed and rendered stable those moral and religious principles inculcated in his early years, but which a dissipated and worldly life in a foreign court had unsettled.

De Clifford has, therefore, become a very dif-

ferent person from what he was, when first introduced to my readers, as the hero of this tale, on his return from Florence. And though Time,

The beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer, when the heart hath bled ;
Time ! the corrector, where our judgments err,
The test of truth and love———,

had blunted the keenness of his grief and regret for his departed relative, yet, in many respects, the events of the last few weeks had changed materially the character of Hugh de Clifford, and it was long before memory could review the past without calling forth feelings of bitter regret and sorrow.

If I turn to my other heroine, Rosa, how different shall I now find her ! But, even when first presented *as such*, my readers must be aware she would have played her part but indifferently, had not the more brilliant talents and character of her unfortunate sister drawn her's out. Rosa's sweet, pleasing, and unaffected character, however it might charm and appear de-

lightful in private life, was ill calculated to shine in that world of which the talented Marie was the ornament; and, as she soon became the wife of the man she loved, admired, and respected, and who adored her, there can be little to be said of one, who, fulfilling every duty as a daughter, wife, and eventually a mother, lived but little in the world, and, in seeking to promote the happiness of all around her, received the reward generally bestowed on those who do their duty in the situation of life into which they are thrown.

Having thus begged my reader's forbearance and lenity, I will again resume my story in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ It was a hill, plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem’d the earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood—”
“ And at the foot thereof a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarred with ragged mosse or filthy mud.”

Spenser.

ON Lord de Clifford’s departure for Paris, it was decided that Rosa and her mother should, under the escort of Monteith, proceed immediately to England. The former, with all the happy prospects before her, added to those buoyant spirits happily bestowed by nature on youth, was beginning to recover the shock they had lately sustained. Monteith’s society, (for he had latterly been almost domesticated in the family,) had also tended to prevent her

dwelling as much as she otherwise might have done on the loss of her sister. For Monteith, like all lovers, could be, and was, extremely *exigeant*.

A week had almost elapsed, and the preparations were completed for leaving Spa. The morning before the one on which they had fixed for their departure, Rosa begged her mother to allow her to take an early walk with Therèse, (her French maid, who had been engaged at Paris to wait on her while on the Continent,) to pay a farewell visit to her two favourite seats, that of the Temple, and of Annette and Lubin, the latter taking its name from being placed on the site where once stood the hut of the lovers immortalized by Marmontel in his Tales.

Permission was given, and Rosa set out on her walk soon after breakfast. But did she imagine that, in this instance at least, love was blind and deaf?—No—for Monteith had heard her the day before express the wish, and he had little doubt that it would be allowed to be gratified. He early, therefore, placed himself at

the well-known window in the library, from whence he watched all those who had ingress or egress at the Hôtel de Soissons. ,

His anxiety was shortly rewarded, by seeing the person he was looking for; and, having watched Rosa and her maid safe round the corner, he managed, from knowing the direction she would take, to make a short cut through copse-wood, brambles, briars, &c. and reach a part of the road, which she must pass. He waited patiently to recover from his quick walk and mountainous ascent, until he caught a glimpse of her at a distance; then, leisurely walking forward, he met her, and quietly drawing her unresisting hand under his arm, he told Mademoiselle Therèse, with a good-natured smile, “that she would find it more agreeable to walk slower, and keep at a respectful distance.” To this she laughingly assented, and in a few moments he had Rosa to himself.

“ What a very early riser and walker you must be,” said Rosa, perfectly unconscious of

his little *ruse de guerre*. “ I had expected to have this retired walk entirely to myself.”

“ You must not,” replied Monteith, “ give me credit for what I am undeserving of; but rather praise me for adopting a little of your brother’s manœuvring, on which he so much prides himself. The truth is, I watched you out of your hotel, and managed, at some risk, through thicket, brake, and briar, to meet you on your road to the top of the hill.”

“ But how could you know or learn, Mr. Monteith, that I was going there ?”

“ Oh, Rosa, do not address me by that frigid, discouraging name of Mr. Monteith. By my friends and family I am known only as Arthur. Will Rosa, then, be *the only* exception in the number of those who regard and love me, and chill my heart by such a cold appellation !”

“ It is the extreme difficulty,” replied Rosa, “ of overcoming habit and a feeling of shyness, which prevents my doing it.”

“ But neither habit nor shyness has prevented *my* taking the license, why should it *you* ?”

“ Perhaps so, but you men early learn to overstep bounds, which we as women are perhaps wisely taught never to transgress. But, however,” continued Rosa, smiling, “ you shall not have your heart again chilled by me, and I will accustom myself to call you Arthur, dear Arthur, for the rest of my days.”

Is it necessary for me to add that the hand that was drawn under the arm, and still held by Monteith, was at the conclusion of this speech fervently pressed, and hastily kissed half a dozen times, and probably had there not been a witness loitering behind in Mademoiselle Therèse, Rosa’s lips might have been approached nearer than Monteith had ever ventured or presumed to approach before. And, indeed, at this moment an unlucky cart coming down the hill, with the rude construction attached to its wheel, and which acts as a species of drag, the noise of which must be so well known to those who have visited Spa, obliged Monteith

to secure a safe place for himself and Rosa, while the vehicle passed them in this narrow road. On resuming their walk, they soon came to a spot from whence the view was beautiful, from its overlooking the town, and the open country beyond being concealed by the angle of the woody hill which they were ascending.

After looking at it for a few moments in silence, Rosa said, with a sigh—

“ How little did I imagine when I was here with my dear brother that we were doomed to experience the sorrow that has lately afflicted us ! The *past* was then looked back to with pleasure, the *present* and the *future* with doubt and uncertainty. Now, how completely is it reversed ! The past is only recollected with grief and melancholy, and of the present and future there is *no doubt*, but *every* certainty of happiness.”

“ I trust so,” my beloved Rosa, “ but without wishing at this moment to moralize, I must remark that I have ever considered the past as an example and safe-guard for the present and

the future. It teaches us to avoid the errors of others, if we choose to profit by their experience, and it is a warning voice to ourselves, (if we choose to listen to it,) to correct the follies and faults of the past in our conduct hereafter. You, Rosa, are too young to know or to have experienced any thing of the kind. Your life, hitherto, has scarcely known *a past*; with you it has been only the *present* and *future*. But, in the regret you express for *her* who is gone, may *we* not,—I say *we*, for I particularly allude to *you* and myself,—may we not see and find, even in what you denominate a misfortune, that our Almighty parent allows good to arise out of what we falsely consider evil.”

“ I presume not,” said Rosa, “ to think otherwise in most cases. But, in this particular instance, I cannot perceive any good you and I are likely to derive from it.”

“ Say, rather those we have derived from it. Rosa, believe me, had not your father’s heart been softened by the melancholy state of one daughter, his ambitious views for the other would

have prevented his listening to the proposals of a man whose fortune he considered so inferior to her expectations. Thus, you will see that the misfortune you view with regret and sorrow has probably been the cause of my happiness ; and I trust will also prove yours !”

“ I never can believe, Arthur,” replied Rosa, “ that my father, for the sake of any aspiring notions he might have contemplated for me, would have refused to allow me to make choice of the person I loved and preferred.”

“ I wish not, dearest Rosa, to give an unpleasant impression of the reasons that actuated the conduct of Lord de Clifford ; far from it, as with such a daughter I might have thought like him.”

“ You and my mother,” answered Rosa, “ often talk of your poverty ; but, as I am indifferent about it, I see no reason why you should consider it of so much consequence.”

They had by this time reached the object of their walk, and had seated themselves, notwithstanding a cold bleak north wind whistled

around them, and through the trees and coppice wood that encircled the temple. But how changed was the scene since Rosa had last visited it ! The leaves had already begun to fall, and to shew the yellow tint of autumn, which the extremes of heat and cold, to which the valley of Spa is subjected, make sooner perceptible there than elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

“ How different,” said Rosa, “ were my feelings when last here ! I then thought this spot so lovely that I never wished to move from its vicinity. Is it I that am changed, or is it the place ? Now it appears dreary and cheerless, and the valley tame, flat, and uninteresting. Ah ! how much I feel that the locality of the spot you live in derives its greatest and principal charm from the society of those you love.”

“ I hope so,” answered Monteith, “ for I was going to regret, dearest Rosa, that this view, which ever did, and still does, appear beautiful to me, should no longer be pleasing in your eyes.”

“ Why should you be so interested in my ad-

miring a place which I am never likely to see again?"

" Because it so closely resembles one it will soon, I hope, be your fate to reside in. Judge, therefore, if I have not reason to be anxious you should admire it. Not far from my brother's residence, Cardonness Castle, rises a wooded eminence, or precipice, as Miss St. Leger would call it, that is so like this sweet spot, I have often been tempted to sit here that I might fancy myself in my native land, and think of the friends I have left there."

" How do you know," said Rosa, smiling, " that when I see a spot like this in your dear Scotland, I may not then discover beauties *there* which I do not see *here*?"

" I trust you may, my Rosa," replied Monteith, his countenance expressing the pleasure he felt at what she had said. " And, in adding to the society and comforts of a beloved and suffering brother, whom I am sure you will love, as soon as he is known to you, you will become

the source of happiness to all those you are going to connect yourself with. But you are not, perhaps, aware, that I have settled *where*, in a few months, I hope to take my young and lovely bride. It is to a house not far from my brother's, vulgarly called Monkshood Priory, though its original name was St. Mary's Priory. My father repaired and beautified it, as a jointure-house for my mother; but Lord Monteith's health has prevented her ever occupying it. There is a romantic tale attached to it, that may, some time or other, interest you to hear."

"Oh, pray," said Rosa, interrupting him, "let me hear the story now. What place so proper to relate it in as that where the scenery reminds you of the events that occurred there?"

Monteith, of course, did not refuse to comply with the wishes of Rosa; and I have only to hope my readers may find it as interesting as she did.

"In former days, when those clans who resided near each other too often became foes

instead of friends, the Douglases and the Hamiltons were sworn enemies, and lived in a constant state of warfare. The former had a daughter, and I must of course add, to make my story interesting, that she was beautiful, and one son, the only remaining scion of an old and illustrious house. The latter family was represented by one, who, though he greatly erred, I have every reason to believe possessed greater virtues than the haughty Douglas's line could boast for many generations. Brought up with an hereditary hatred towards each other, the rival clans scarcely ever met without bloodshed. In consequence, neither of the families ever ventured any distance from their homes unattended:

“ It chanced that Mary, the fair daughter of Douglas, was returning from a visit in the neighbourhood, attended by some of her father's household, when they met, in a narrow way, a numerous party of the Hamilton clan, headed by their chieftain, returning from the chace. Neither, as a matter of course, would give way,

until Hamilton, discovering whom his adversaries had in charge, considerately stopped all further aggression on his side, and desired his men to make way for the Lady Mary. He then rode up to her, and assured her of a safe conduct home, and, as her party was considerably smaller than his, he escorted her to the boundary of her father's domain, to prevent her receiving any further interruption from his men.

“ Thus you see, dear Rosa, that, even in those rude times, gallantry was not unknown to our Scottish chiefs. But it was a gallantry that proved fatal to the peace of Hamilton, for he soon found that Mary's lovely image haunted him wherever he went. His favourite pursuit, hunting, was neglected ; constantly seeking her society, he was occasionally successful in meeting her ; and at length he ventured to make her proposals of marriage.

“ They met with the most haughty rejection, which was given in the most irritating manner by her father. All Hamilton's fiery passions were roused by this insult, and he determined to re-

venge himself on Douglas in a way that would injure him in the tenderest point, and gratify at the same time his love for the daughter. He determined to carry her off.”

“ Do you name this rash action,” said Rosa, smiling as she interrupted him, “ as one of the proofs you wish to give me of the ancient gallantry of your nation ?”

“ I ought not (to support my assertion) to have mentioned this instance,” answered Monteith, laughing at her remark ; “ however, to continue my story, Hamilton, through the aid of a foster brother, (who had married a woman belonging to the clan of the Douglasses,) succeeded in effecting his purpose, and without the least suspicion being attached to *him*. For many months every effort was made, and every art tried, in vain, to persuade Mary to become his bride. She still resisted in the hope of being released by her family, when her imprisonment became known to them; for he had confined her in a lone and distant dwelling which he possessed on the borders of the Highlands.

There she remained. At length, finding there was no chance of release or escape, and perhaps won by the ardent love he professed for her, and the amiable character he (with the exception of his late conduct to her) displayed, she consented to become his wife, and he brought her back to his family residence as such.

“The treachery and deceit he had used never could be forgiven by the Douglas family, and they vowed vengeance on him for his conduct to their daughter and sister. Opportunities were not wanting. They soon met, and Hamilton, in his personal defence, had the misfortune to kill the only son of Douglas, and the brother of the wife he adored. Long he successfully tried to keep the dreadful event from her knowledge, but at last it reached her, and, giving way to her feelings, and never probably much attached to Hamilton, she took the first opportunity to escape from him, and fled to a convent, where she gave birth to a daughter, and died a few weeks after.

“ Hamilton, solitary and wretched, gave himself up to despair, and ultimately fixed himself in the dwelling where he had first immured Mary. He there founded a monastery, of which he became the prior, and called it by the name of his ever regretted wife. His infant daughter, and the heiress of her father’s and grandfather’s property, (though the latter bequeathed to a distant relation every thing in his power to will away from the child of the man he hated,) was brought up in the convent where her unhappy parent died, and, eventually marrying an ancestor of mine, the estates of Hamilton and Douglas centred in my family.

“ During the melancholy period of the covenanters, the inhabitants of the priory were obliged to disperse, and the neighbouring peasantry being all strict Presbyterians, and shewing a horror even of the name of a Popish saint, changed it to Monkshood, which it has ever since retained. By degrees, the building became partly a ruin, one side excepted, which was repaired by my grandfather, and allowed

to be tenanted by a poor relation. But as this side was the part of the building appropriated to those strangers who visited the monastery, and included the apartments belonging to the prior, the rooms are all large and lofty, and the ruins of the remaining part have become a beautiful object, as seen from the house, which my father enlarged and ornamented. There, Rosa, you will see the river winding, as you now view the one before us, in the distance. The valley in which the house is placed, (like that we now overlook,) lies on one side; and on the other rises a steep mountainous hill, beautifully wooded with oak and low coppice-wood, which forms an object most interesting to those, who, like me, admire the grand and sublime in nature. Our bleak highlands extend beyond, but I fear your lowland taste," added Monteith, smiling, "will see no charms there."

" Before I scold you for the impertinent remark you have just made, I must thank you for a tale that has interested me more than I can express, as I can almost, 'in my mind's

eye,' fancy the spot you so well describe, from seeing this before me. In regard to my lowland taste, I suppose that will in time be corrected if I marry a Scotchman."

Here Therèse approached, and begged to remind Monsieur and Mademoiselle that it was getting late, and that Miladi would be uneasy at their long absence. The hint was taken, and Monteith and Rosa, after making a quick circuit round to the opposite side of the hill, to the seat of Annette and Lubin, soon descended the declivity into Spa, where, at the corner leading to the Hôtel de Soissons, they parted.

On Therèse joining her young mistress, the latter said to her, "I hope, Therèse, you are not tired, for it has been rather a long walk for you."

"Il est vrai, Mademoiselle," answered Therèse, rather pettishly, "que je suis un peu lasse; aussi il faut dire que vous avez été tant soit peu exigeante de me laisser planté là sans rien faire, pendant que vous causiez avec Monsieur. Mais, allons, il faut aussi songer que

les amans et les amoureux ont toujours la mémoire un peu courte."

Rosa could make no answer to a remark she was forced to acknowledge true, and therefore was silent.

The next morning they were on their road to Liege, and, passing through the flat and ugly country between that town, St. Tron, and Louvain, were happy to find themselves once more comfortably lodged at the Hôtel de Bellevue at Bruxelles. There was nothing to tempt them to remain there even a few hours. The Court had removed to the Hague, and nought was to be seen but empty houses and deserted streets; and in the Park a few straggling nursery maids, with their squalling children, were alone visible. Without any regret they left the town early the following day, and, taking the route of Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, reached Calais on the third morning. Monteith finding, on inquiry, that the Lord Liverpool steam-packet was to sail that night for London, he persuaded Lady de Clifford to give

up her original intention of going to Dover, and, as the weather was particularly mild and warm for the season of the year, to embark that night.

In a few hours the carriage and luggage were put on board, and they spent the remainder of the day quietly at the hotel, recovering from the fatigue of the three preceding ones. At twelve o'clock they were to embark, and the carriage belonging to the hotel was to convey them to the pier. While waiting its arrival, Lady de Clifford was rather surprised at the absence of Monteith, and even when it was announced, to find him still absent. On enquiring for him of the waiter, he answered—

“ Que Monsieur avoit accompagné une dame vêtue en noir, avec son enfant, à bord du vaisseau, sur lequel ces dames devoient s'embarquer, et qu'il n'étoit pas encore de retour.”

“ Did you hear Mr. Monteith, Rosa, mention any lady he was acquainted with here ?” asked Lady de Clifford.

Rosa's reply was a negative, and nothing

more was said. But, though silent, she nevertheless felt an uneasiness she could not conquer. At last, Lady de Clifford, fearful of being too late, determined not to wait Monteith's return, and was preparing to go without him, when he entered their sitting-room, evidently much hurried, and, requesting them not to delay a moment, handed them into the carriage.

As they proceeded to the pier, Monteith mentioned that he had been much interested for a lady, and a widow, who, with her child, was returning to England ; and, as she appeared to have no one but a nursery girl with her, he had offered his services, and had been engaged in seeing her safe on board.

“ Is she young ? ” asked Lady de Clifford.

“ Apparently not more than eighteen,” answered Monteith, “ and sweetly pretty and interesting.”

In vain did Rosa try to get the better of the unpleasant sensations she experienced at this answer of Monteith's. She felt out of humour

with him, and she knew not why. When he took her hand to help her into the vessel, and put his arm round her waist to secure her a safe footing on the plank she was crossing, she quickly withdrew herself from him, and giving her hand to the steward of the packet, who was assisting the party, she evidently appeared unwilling to receive any attentions from him. At least she wished him to think so. But in the hurry of going on board, and helping Lady de Clifford, who followed her daughter, the object of her displeasure was not aware of it.

Lady de Clifford and Rosa immediately took their seats in their carriage, and in ten minutes the engine was set in motion, and they soon found from the progress of the vessel, and their own uncomfortable feelings, that they were at sea, and crossing the British Channel.

After a wretched sick and dreary night, a dark dull October morning broke upon them. The motion of the packet began to be less unpleasant, and the white cliffs of the Isle of Thanet were soon perceptible to the left, and

that well-known sea-mark to the mariner, the Reculvers, was before them. Rosa and her mother having made those slight arrangements in regard to their dress which the small space they were enclosed in would allow them to do, heard soon after a friendly tap at the window, and the voice of Monteith inquiring how they had passed the night. He assured them they might leave the carriage, and seat themselves on deck without inconvenience, as the steamer would soon be passing the Nore and entering the river.

They agreed to do so, and on going forward they found many of the passengers had been obliged to sleep on deck, from the numbers that were on board. Rosa's quick and now jealous eye soon discovered, that, while all the other gentlemen were secured against the cold of an autumn morning at sea, with their boat-cloaks or military wrappers, Monteith was the only one without his; and, on a mattress near the stern, she saw it had been given to a lady as a covering from the night air. A quick and painful

sensation at the heart made her feel assured that this was the young and pretty widow whom he had named the night before.

In a few moments after Rosa and Lady de Clifford had seated themselves, a nursery-girl, with a beautiful infant of a year old, came up from the cabin, and taking the child to the lady on the mattress, she immediately raised herself, and discovered to Rosa a young and almost infantine set of features, in the widow's costume, which, although so unbecoming, still could not conceal a pretty countenance, but one that sorrow had evidently much altered. On seeing her rise, and perceiving that the girl who brought the child was very sick and ill, Monteith hastened to the lady, and collecting a pillow and various things to support her, with an attention and care which Rosa thought very unnecessary, he took the child from the nurse, and bidding her return to the cabin as she was so unwell, told her he would call her when she was wanted. He then carefully seated the infant by its mother. It being half inclined to cry at finding

itself in a stranger's arms, Monteith tried to pacify it with giving it his watch and seals to play with, and the poor mother looked up at him with her mild blue eye, expressive of the greatest gratitude and thankfulness.

Rosa could bear the scene no longer ; she felt choaked, and tempted to burst into tears. Complaining of cold, she begged her mother to allow her to walk up and down the deck. Monteith immediately joined her. They walked for a few moments in silence, for how soon do we discover when any one we love is displeased with us. That *that* was the case with Rosa was evident, and for several minutes Monteith was considering what was the cause of it.

At that moment the sun, which had been till then concealed by a heavy dense cloud that encircled the horizon, began to shew itself in all its splendour. Monteith remarked how beautiful it appeared, emerging from the dark collection of vapour in which it had been embosomed.
“ If I were inclined to be poetical, dear Rosa,

and pay compliments, what a pretty speech I might make, on you and the bright orb of day thus appearing together."

Rosa was not inclined to be pleased, and she answered, " You should have taken lessons from the Chevalier de Méry, while you were at Spa ; he would have improved you in the art you appear so deficient in."

Monteith looked at Rosa for a minute ; the tone and manner were so different from what he was accustomed to, that for a moment he doubted whether it was said in jest or earnest. He then replied—

" And can you really wish my character, Rosa, so completely altered ? Surely truth must ever be preferable to flattery. I had hoped, at least, to have found it so with you. The simple and perhaps humble words, ' I love you,' though they may be said by the peasant as well as the peer, if expressed with all the sincerity of a true and faithful heart, must, I should think, be infinitely preferable to the

adoration and nonsense blended together, which any English dandy or French petit-maître might address you with."

" It may be so," said Rosa, " but actions speak as well as words ; and it is also by them we judge of the truth and fidelity of professions."

While Rosa was speaking, Monteith's ardent eye was fixed on her countenance ; he saw her inadvertently turn hers towards the unhappy widow whose situation had called forth all his feelings of compassion, and desire of being useful to those in distress. A pleased, yet painful sensation, shot through him ; pleasure at a jealousy that proved her affection ; pain, at the same time, that such a passion should have turned to gall the kindheartedness and sensibility for the sorrows of others, which he knew was the character of Rosa.

" Can you," he said, " have viewed with displeasure the attentions I have paid to a sick, bereaved, and helpless widow and her fatherless babe ? Rosa, I feel assured you are in-

capable of it. Her husband was a half-pay officer, who, dying of a consumption at Versailles, where they had gone for economy, she is returning in poverty to her native country. Every woman in that situation would have claims on my protection. But how much stronger must I consider those claims to be, when I recollect that, perhaps, under other circumstances, such would have been the lot of any portionless young woman who *might* have been tempted to have joined her fate to mine, and from whom death might have separated me. Rosa, assure me I am wrong in my suspicions, and tell me I deserve to be scolded for having suspected you."

Rosa was indeed ashamed of herself. How superior did Monteith's character appear to her, and, vainly trying to laugh away the unpleasant feelings that overcame her, she replied—

" Pray would you have been as much interested if the lady had been old and ugly ?"

" I feel certain of it," answered Monteith

warmly, “ though her extreme youth, I allow, called forth attentions which, perhaps, an older person would not have required. But, Rosa, when the heart is so completely engrossed as mine is by you, believe me all women are alike indifferent, save *one*—and *one* alone. To me, therefore, her beauty, if she possesses any, is scarcely thought of or regarded, and I only see the melancholy widow and the helpless infant deprived of their natural protector, that require support and care.”

“ Oh, Arthur, dear Arthur !” exclaimed Rosa, tears filling her bright eyes, “ how wrong I have been ! and how amiable, how excellent you are !”

This little *démélé* between the lovers (though I do not generally recommend a trial of the kind) certainly with them caused “ a renewal of love.” Shortly after, on returning to her seat, Rosa, anxious to prove to Monteith how completely she had recovered herself, took the first opportunity of speaking to the poor widow, and caressing and playing with her child ; and

by shewing her many little attentions, so gratifying to those who, being in an humbler sphere, scarcely expect to be noticed by those whose rank and riches raise them (in the eye of the world) so far above them, she hoped to make Monteith forget what had passed between them.

CHAPTER IX.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed,
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam.
The sheep before the pinching heaven
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold.

Marmion.

SOON after the steamer had reached her moorings, opposite the Tower-stairs, Monteith saw Lady de Clifford and Rosa safely landed, and placed in the carriage that had been ordered there to wait their arrival. He then returned to the vessel, to look after (as he said) his *protégée*. On his joining them at the hotel, rather late in the evening, as they were sitting down

to dinner, nothing was said on the subject. But when the servants had left the room, Lady de Clifford asked him the name of the young widow.

“I saw Phillips on the direction of the trunks, as I passed them through the Custom House for her. I understand she is going to join her family in the north of Ireland.”

Notwithstanding all Rosa’s boasted confidence in herself, in regard to having conquered her uneasy and jealous feelings of the morning, she could not avoid a sensation of pleasure at the idea of Monteith’s pretty protégée not remaining in London.

Lady de Clifford slept only that night in town, and proceeded early the next day to Baynham Abbey. Both she and Rosa were delighted to find themselves, after seven months’ absence, once more *at home*, and enjoying the comforts and luxuries of their own residence.

The first three or four days Lady de Clifford allowed Rosa and Monteith to enjoy the happiness of being together, without the drawback

and restraint of society, &c. But having fixed and decided on the plan she meant to pursue, she, one morning, engaged Rosa in copying a letter on business, and then requested Arthur to accompany her in a walk to the flower-garden.

When there, after a proper share of admiration had been bestowed on the plants in the conservatory, the beauty and variety of colour in a collection of dahlias praised, and wonder expressed at the growth and luxuriance of the shrubs ; in short, after all those subjects had been properly discussed which are generally talked over with a lady on visiting her little domain of flowers, over which she presides, Lady de Clifford suddenly asked Monteith if it was not his intention shortly to visit Scotland.

He rather started at the unexpected question, and, after a few moments' silence, replied, “ I fear, my dear madam, you are beginning to be tired of my society ; or why that question, when I am so lately returned to England ? ”

“ My dear Arthur,” replied Lady de Clifford, “ I am very far from wishing your absence, as your society is, and must ever be, agreeable to me, but I will not conceal from you that, on Rosa’s account, I certainly do wish it.”

“ On Rosa’s account!” exclaimed Monteith, repeating her words, and appearing surprised; “ and wherefore?”

“ I will,” continued Lady de Clifford, “ frankly give you my reasons, and I am satisfied your good sense will acknowledge that I am right. Rosa, eight months since, on leaving her native country, was little more than sixteen. I considered her as but just emerging from childhood; and although my health was the chief consideration to Lord de Clifford for quitting England, yet with me, I own, the first object was the improvement of Rosa, whose education was still unfinished. I certainly did not then contemplate even the possibility of those events occurring of which our visit to the continent has been productive; events that I acknowledge have, in that short period, steadied Rosa, and

shewn her more of the world as it is, in all its variety of character and conduct, than if she had remained here four or five years. Still, my dear Arthur, Rosa has much to learn before she becomes a wife, and I feel it necessary, therefore, to command your absence," added she, smiling, "for a short period. And as your friends and family, and, indeed, your own affairs, require your presence in Scotland, I must request you to put in execution your intention of going there now. And I hope that you will meet us at Trelawney Castle, where I have promised Hugh to join him a little before Christmas."

"Good God!" exclaimed Monteith, "why, Lady de Clifford, that is three months hence."

"It may be so in the lover's almanack," replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, "but in mine, which is a more correct one, I can only compute the long period I have named as little more than seven weeks."

"But why am I to be thus exiled? Scarcely have I had time allowed me to secure an

interest in Rosa's heart. When you banish me from her society thus for months, how do I know that during that period some other——”

Here Lady de Clifford interrupted him, and said, gravely, “ Mr. Monteith, give me not to understand that you consider Rosa's heart and character composed of such flimsy light materials as to give you reason to fear what your words imply. If it were possible that she could be capable of so conducting herself, I should consider her unworthy of you, and you would have nothing to regret in her loss. But as I consider this only as a lover's *ruse de guerre*, to escape the banishment, as you call it, from her society, I shall not consider your fears worthy of any further notice, but will explain my wishes and intentions. During your absence I purpose that Rosa should improve herself in those accomplishments for which she has a decided taste, and which will prove eventually a resource to her, and a pleasure and gratification to you in the retired life you will probably lead for many months in the year. I also wish

to improve her mind by reading, to steady her principles, and to fix those moral and religious sentiments and opinions that will teach her to conduct herself with virtue, honour, and propriety, in this life, and also lead her to tread the path that will best conduct her to everlasting happiness in another ; to give her firmness to bear all the trials it may be her lot to suffer here ; and, by so doing, enable her to receive with thankfulness and humility the good that may be granted to her. *You* must be well aware these cold lessons of morality are but ill received, and still less remembered, when given by the side of an adoring lover. I must, therefore, for your own sake, as well as hers, (for *you* hereafter will benefit by it,) have you absent yourself from Baynham Abbey for a certain period ; and you must also promise me not to encourage Rosa in vain and useless regrets, by lamenting to her a determination you must be sensible is for your mutual benefit. But rather let your firmer mind strengthen hers, by shewing her the advantages that she will derive from

it. You are not now to learn, when beauty fades, and novelty is passed, that something more is required to keep the fickle nature of man steady and faithful to his vows. It is *the mind*, Arthur, it is that which creates esteem and regard, when the blind god is flown; and it is then, when the bandage falls from our eyes, we learn to estimate the value of the wife in the bride we loved and adored."

"How is it possible ever to resist you?" replied Monteith, respectfully taking Lady de Clifford's hand; "and, however my heart and inclinations still wilfully and obstinately incline to think you are harsh in your intentions, yet I am willing to own you have convinced my understanding, and reason compels me to acknowledge you are right. I will do, therefore, what you wish, and you shall name the day I am required to leave Baynham Abbey."

"To-day is Friday. Let it, then, be Monday next."

A look of disappointment, and almost dissatisfaction, shewed how little he expected so

early a day would be named. But he had made Lady de Clifford the arbitrator, and consequently was obliged to submit to her decision. She had insensibly taken the walk in the shrubbery that led towards the house, and, on turning a corner, they saw Rosa approaching, with the letter in her hand which she had been copying. On coming up to her mother, the latter took her arm.

“ We have been talking during your absence, my dear Rosa,” said Lady de Clifford, “ of the necessity of Monteith’s visiting his mother and family in Scotland ; and we have fixed Monday for his departure.”

“ Monday !” interrupted Rosa. “ What ! so soon ? I did not know there was any such necessity for Arthur’s going to Scotland, as he saw his family a short time before he left England.”

Monteith made no answer. Lady de Clifford expecting him to do so, said nothing likewise ; upon which Rosa added, with an air of

pique, “ I rather imagine it is inclination, not necessity, that takes him there.”

She, at that moment, raised her eyes to Monteith, and met his, so full of love and sorrow at the unkindness of this speech, that she repented, the moment after, having uttered the words.

“ Arthur,” said Lady de Clifford, “ I leave you to explain to Rosa the many reasons that make your absence necessary. In the mean time, I shall go home, and despatch this letter.”

On her mother’s departure, he drew her arm under his, and, turning back, retraced the path he had lately come with Lady de Clifford. He soon convinced Rosa how much, like her, he felt the separation; yet, acting up to her mother’s wishes, he sought to make her view it as one that would be of advantage to herself; and, (probably as Lady de Clifford hoped and expected would be the case,) he soon raised in her that emulation and desire of improvement which ever make us overcome every difficulty,

when we seek to please the object of our affections. Thus, though Rosa saw Monteith's departure with regret, she now viewed his absence as one that would enable her to make herself still more pleasing in his eyes; and, by improving her mind and talents, would render her society a pleasure and happiness to him.

In a few days Lady de Clifford had the satisfaction of seeing her settle to her studies with an energy and anxiety that almost surprised her. Improving a sweet though not powerful voice, and learning sketching, perspective, and pencil drawing, were the only accomplishments she studied; their vicinity to London allowing her to have, at that time of the year, the best masters from thence.

In the society of her excellent mother, in reading, and in her correspondence with Monteith, the two months appeared to glide by rapidly, as no event of any consequence marked the days as they passed; though, like the school-boy waiting the return of his vacation, both Rosa and Monteith registered in their

thoughts the days and hours that intervened before they were to meet again.

During this period, Lord de Clifford and his son returned from Paris, and, shortly after, set off for Yorkshire, Hugh's presence being required at Trelawney Castle, where he was anxious his father should accompany him. There, a few days before Christmas, they were joined by Rosa and her mother, Monteith having preceded them by a few hours.

The meeting was such as fully repaid the lovers for the regret experienced at parting, and at Monteith's compelled absence. Seldom did a happier family party meet than those who were now assembled at Trelawney Castle; though Hugh's abstracted manner, and a countenance occasionally expressive of sorrow, reminded them that memory often recalled the past, and that the recollection of his unfortunate sister dwelt on his mind.

The morning after their arrival was devoted to shewing Lady de Clifford the interior of the

castle, and pointing out the improvements de Clifford intended making.

“ Do you not think with me, my dear Madam, that the style of furniture is too heavy and Gothic ? My eye has been so long accustomed to the lighter style of a foreign *mobilier*, that I think this frightful.”

“ I do not agree with you,” answered Lady de Clifford. “ To me it appears to suit exactly with the character of the castle, and I must think the late Lady Trelawney, who I find new furnished all these apartments, has shewn her taste, by combining modern luxuries and comforts with the Gothic style, so proper in an old building such as this. But whose apartments are these ?” she continued, as they entered a suite of rooms, the furniture of which was of a more modern description, and had evidently been much used.

“ They are the late Lady Trelawney’s. This was her sitting-room, and the two adjoining ones her bed-room and dressing-room. And here,

through these double doors,” added de Clifford, opening them, “was the nursery of those two poor boys to whom I have succeeded.”

After viewing the apartments, and admiring the cheerfulness of them, Hugh said, “At least you will acknowledge that these rooms require to be new arranged. Here, therefore, I shall display the foreign taste I have acquired in furnishing, as I am now half inclined to agree with you in regard to the rest of the castle.”

“It is a pity,” replied Lady de Clifford, with a half smile and sly glance at Hugh, “that in arranging these apartments you do not also take into consideration the necessity of furnishing the adjoining one,” pointing to the nursery. “I speak of little animated beings, not of inanimate objects.”

She perceived that de Clifford coloured up, even to be perceptible through his dark complexion. He answered, with a smile,—“You really require a great deal at once. And you forget that I must first meet with one who, in

becoming the mistress of this apartment, must also consent to take ‘for better or for worse’ the owner of this castle.”

“ I suspect, my dear Hugh, you will not find it difficult to meet with *one* willing to take you with that agreeable appendage, and I much doubt if it will require you to seek far.” After a few moments, she said, “ Pray, where is Lord Glanmore’s family ? Are they in this neighbourhood at present ?”

“ No ; the children excepted, who are left at Carshalton Place. Their father and Lady Emma are on a visit in Scotland, I believe, with Lady Elphinstone, and I understand they are expected back at the end of the month.” Here the conversation ended, and it was not again renewed.

After dinner, de Clifford, who was passionately fond of music, which fondness a long residence in Italy had increased, desired Rosa to sing, that he might judge of the improvement she had made. After singing several airs, she happened to raise her eyes towards her

brother, and saw his mournfully fixed on her countenance, and his eyes evidently filled with tears. She had, in the short time they had been together, remarked several times the same intense look of interest. “ My dear brother,” she said, going up to him, “ tell me why you look so sorrowfully at me ?”

He gave her an affectionate fraternal embrace, and then, while examining her features, said to his father, “ Have you not lately, my Lord, been struck by the extraordinary likeness Rosa bears to our lamented Marie ? And yet how strange ! for she is decidedly like her mother, and my poor sister was like you.”

“ It certainly has struck me several times,” replied Lord de Clifford, “ but I have thought it fancy. Do you remark it, Monteith ?”

“ I cannot say I see any resemblance between Rosa and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ; but—”

“ Oblige me, my dear Monteith,” said de Clifford, interrupting him hastily, “ never to mention that hateful name. Speak of her

only as Marie. Well does that name accord with the pure and peaceful spirit that once bore it."

Nothing more was said, and, from the loss of his sister being so recent, it was a subject evidently so painful to de Clifford, that every one avoided it, as if by mutual consent.

The week of festivity and merriment had gone by, the first day of the new year was approaching, when one fine sunny frosty morning, Lady de Clifford proposed their venturing on a walk. But, after talking of the cold, the necessity of securing the feet from damp and the body from the effects of the frost, the whole party at length decided that the library, with all its comforts, was infinitely preferable to encountering the cold northern breeze that was heard whistling through the turrets of the castle ; more particularly, as in the debate about walking, or not walking, they had allowed the finest part of the day to slip by, and the sun was already on its decline.

They had just settled this important affair,

when they were startled by a violent ringing at the front entrance. As the library did not look to that side of the house, they were obliged to wait patiently until the visitor was announced; when all were agreeably surprised at hearing the names of Lord Glanmore and Lady Emma Fairfax. The party met with that warmth of reception which distinguishes the friend from the acquaintance, and proved the esteem and friendship each mutually felt for the other. When de Clifford approached to shake hands with Emma, a bright glow of red tinted her cheeks, which, though restored to their natural healthy hue, yet with her the lily ever predominated over the rose. Thus, when, from agitation or other causes, her colour was heightened, it always added to her beauty, and at that moment she looked singularly handsome.

The distance between Carshalton and Trellawney Castle was too great to admit of a long morning visit; but before Lord Glanmore took his leave, he had persuaded the de Clifford family

to spend a week with him, as he intended giving a ball in the course of ten days, in honour of the birth-day of his eldest son, Lord Fairfax. He also politely added, he was anxious to take the first opportunity of introducing Mr. de Clifford and his family to the neighbourhood. Monteith and Rosa would willingly have been excused a visit that must necessarily separate them more from each other than when at home, but this was only hinted to each other, and the visit was decided on.

On their going away, de Clifford handed Lady Emma to the carriage. During the visit they had conversed but little with each other, and a degree of reserve was visible between them. On leaving the library, he said to her, “I must not forget to inquire after my Spa friend, Lady Charteris; pray where is she? Not, I hope, at Carshalton Place?”

“I did not suspect her to be such a friend of yours, as to tempt you to inquire so tenderly after her. I regret,” added Lady Emma, smiling, “that I cannot promise you the plea-

sure of her company, or that of my aunt, when you visit us. They are both in Scotland, where I left them a week since."

" And there, for God's sake, let them remain ; it is the best place for them !" exclaimed de Clifford, inadvertently, with his usual energetic manner.

" How often must I remind you, Mr. de Clifford, that Lady Elphinstone is my aunt, and that I am a Scotchwoman."

" I do sometimes forget it, I allow ; but permit me to say, that it is not the ladies of your country I ever find fault with—indeed, how could I, with such a specimen before me, of the loveliness and beauty of your country-women ?" The latter part of this speech was said so low as scarcely to be heard, for her father was close behind them.

This little conversation, short as it was, immediately brought them back to the same degree of intimacy they were on when at Spa. A deeper blush suffused Emma's cheeks, at a speech of which her quick ears had not allowed

a word to be lost, although spoken in a whisper ; and, as she turned to kiss her hand on the carriage driving off, he evidently strained his sight to look at her as long as possible.

On walking up the steps, and returning slowly into the house, he muttered to himself, “ Yes, she is lovely, and, if I am to judge from appearances, amiable. But I am not yet too much in love, not to try and ascertain first, that she does in reality possess amiability and sweetness of temper ; of which my short acquaintance at present scarcely allows me to judge. No,” he added, with a proud and bitter smile, surveying the handsome old building whose gothic porch he was then entering, and the extensive park that surrounded it, “ my father’s fate shall at least serve as a warning to his son, and from it I will gain the experience he has so dearly purchased. No, never shall this splendid mansion and noble domain be bartered for a glittering bauble of a heart, who seeks in marriage only the advantages of money and title. Emma, lovely as she is, I will resign, and fly from, if

I find her the worldly selfish character I so much dread."

Thus reasoned de Clifford. But I think it doubtful, if he would thus have thought and reasoned in the early period of his attachment to Lady Louisa Fitz-Hamond. But a few months had certainly altered and steadied him, as much as it had done Rosa. The society of Lady de Clifford had likewise improved him on other points. He now began to respect and esteem a sex which his long residence in a foreign court, (where the conduct of the women both native and foreign was greatly demoralized,) had made him doubt, whether virtue and propriety was not a mask worn by them only to seduce the ignorant and unwary. In the perfect character of Lady de Clifford he learnt that sound judgment, moral rectitude, and firm religious principles, might be combined together; and in the brilliant, animated, high principled Marie, and the sweet unsophisticated Rosa, he saw all that was most admired and loved by man in woman, where the youth of the latter

gave every hope and prospect that maturity would produce the same excellence he delighted to admire in the mother-in-law he so much respected. With these sentiments, I fear de Clifford will be considered but a cool lover, and such he certainly was, if viewed as the hero of a romance. But as the young man whose heart had been *blazéd* by a long intercourse with women of the world, my readers will find many such, as they pass through life, that resemble de Clifford ; who, anxious to marry and settle, seek an amiable young woman to share the advantages they possess ; and often a more firm and durable attachment is founded on those quiet feelings than on the warmer, but more transitory one of love.

CHAPTER X.

Yet there are hearts that well may date
The era of their joy from thee,*
The birthplace of the brightest fate
That wedded life and love may be !
Hearts that have blessed and bless thee now,
In memory of thy plighted vow.

How long, how fondly memory dwells
On moments past that led to bliss !
Not Time, which breaks all other spells,
E'er broke the heavenly charm of this,
Which falls upon the heart like dew
That decks the faded flower anew.

THE family from Trelawney Castle arrived on the day fixed at Carshalton Place, and found a large party assembled there, to celebrate the birthday of Lord Fairfax ; it being the first time any thing of the kind had been attempted, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Fairfax a

* The altar at St. George's church.

few weeks only before Lord Glanmore succeeded to the title of a distant cousin.

At the moment of terminating my work I am unwilling to introduce any new characters to my readers. I will, therefore, only mention, that a week passed in the society of one we admire, and are inclined to love, with the freedom and sociability that ever attends the intercourse of young people in a country house, soon made de Clifford aware how much his happiness would depend on Emma becoming the mistress of Trelawney Castle. In the unremitting attentions shewn to her little brothers, he fancied he saw the promise of future excellence in the duties of a mother, if she ever became one herself; and in the attachment of her family, her servants, and dependents, he trusted he could discern those amiable points of character which he considered so necessary in the woman he wished to marry.

His attentions to Emma very soon gave both Lord de Clifford and Lord Glanmore the hope that their wishes would be realized, in the long

friendship between the families being cemented by the marriage of their son and daughter. In a short time the visit to Carshalton Place was returned by Emma and her father, at Trelawney Castle. A deep and heavy fall of snow, with very bad weather, compelled the party to live entirely within doors, and de Clifford proposed teaching Emma billiards, a game she was unacquainted with. The mace and the cue were, however, generally laid aside and forgotten, when the lesson was given without spectators; and before Lord Glanmore's visit had terminated, and the fair scholar had even been taught any of the necessary rules of the game, such as angles, &c. &c. de Clifford had announced himself to his father as the accepted lover of the daughter of his friend.

This was an event they so much desired and wished for, that all parties were equally delighted; Rosa particularly so, as in Emma she hoped to acquire an amiable sister, whom she already loved as a friend. Before Lord Glanmore's departure from Trelawney Castle, it was

decided that the two marriages should take place at the same time in the spring. Visits rapidly succeeded each other between the two families, after this wished-for *dénouement*, and Lady de Clifford was thinking of returning to Baynham Abbey, when a second fall of snow, succeeded by a hard frost, compelled her to remain longer in the north than she had intended doing.

Hunting, shooting, and all out-door amusements being at an end, it was settled that Lord de Clifford with the two young men, and accompanied by Lord Glanmore, should proceed to London, to make all necessary arrangements with the lawyer, &c. and to hurry them as much as possible, as Monteith felt alarmed lest this second marriage should delay his with Rosa. It was arranged that Emma should spend the period of their absence with Lady de Clifford.

This plan was most agreeable to all parties; Rosa and Emma being of an age to make their society most interesting to each other, independent of the similarity in their situation, both

being on the eve of matrimony. Lady de Clifford was also happy at having an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her future daughter-in-law. They thus passed ten days most happily together, hearing daily from the party in town, who gave them no hopes of joining them before the end of the week.

One evening, the cold being still intense, Lady de Clifford was reading close to the fire in the library, (where, when alone, they generally passed the day,) and was waiting the termination of a game of chess, (in which Rosa and Emma were deeply engaged,) to separate for the night; when she heard the door-bell ring. It was pulled so light as to give the idea that the intruder did not wish it to be heard or noticed. “Surely that was the door-bell,” remarked Lady de Clifford. “What an extraordinary hour for any one to come, as it cannot be a visitor.”

Rosa and Emma were too much interested in their game to heed the observation she made, and gave her no answer. She again listened, but all was quiet; not a sound was heard except “*prise*

to your queen," from Emma. In a few moments, Rosa in a delighted tone of voice exclaimed, "Now I have *your* queen ! she cannot escape ; for here is check to your king, and prise to your queen with my knight."

"How truly provoking!" replied Emma. "In two more moves I should have checkmated you ; mais c'est la fortune de la guerre. I must submit. I give her up to you."

During this conversation Lady de Clifford laid down her book, looked at the chess-board, and remarked, "she feared the game would never end." After a few minutes, raising her eyes accidentally towards the end of the library, (a kind of long gallery,) at a lamp placed there, and which apparently was going out, she fancied she saw a side door near it in the shade gently opened, sufficiently wide to admit a man's head. A black hat, and the obscurity of that part of the room, prevented her distinguishing the features. She looked again, her eyes almost starting from their sockets from fear, when she distinctly saw two heads, evidently taking their

survey of the apartment. An indistinct feeling of escape and defence caused her to rise suddenly; and place her hand on the poker near her. In doing so, she alarmed the two girls; and Rosa looking up, and catching the direction of her mother's eye, soon perceived the object of her fears. Screaming violently, she jumped up, threw down the chess-table, and ran to her mother. Emma, whose back was turned towards the cause of all this terror, was not the least aware of what was the matter. But, as fear is ever contagious, she likewise screamed violently, and, like Rosa, flew to Lady de Clifford for protection, from she knew not what. All this passed in the space of a few seconds; but the terrified party became in some degree reassured, (though they did not so easily recover from their fright,) on hearing de Clifford's voice, and seeing him and Monteith approach from the open door.

“ My dear Madam,” exclaimed the former, addressing Lady de Clifford, “ you are a perfect heroine. But as to Rosa, she is the veriest

coward I ever met with. Why, what in the world did you take us for?—robbers?”

“ I certainly,” replied Lady de Clifford, “ did think you were, from the mischief-like manner in which you introduced yourselves, and which certainly gave me no very good opinion of your intentions. Had you boldly made your appearance, we should not have been alarmed. But take off your wraps, and tell us how it happens that you are here, when your letters of yesterday gave us no hopes of seeing you before the end of the week.”

During this speech of Lady de Clifford’s, the two young men had been affectionately greeted by Rosa and Emma; and de Clifford accounted for the change in their plans, by their having found that his father and Lord Glanmore could do every thing as well without them, as if himself and Monteith were present. They had, therefore, decided on returning.

Instead of separating for the night, the whole party sat up until near two o’clock in the morning; de Clifford finding excellent reasons for

not allowing them to retire, such as the necessity of supper, &c. &c. After this sociable meal, while sitting conversing round the fire, Monteith said to Lady de Clifford,—

“ I have news to tell you, my dear Madam, of our Paris acquaintance Rowley. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear he is at last married to Miss Ellice.”

“ Pray tell me how it was all arranged,” said Rosa, “ for Mr. Rowley was a great favourite of mine.”

“ I cannot agree with you, Rosa,” said de Clifford, “ I never could like him. He was such a die-away, sickly concern. There was no spirit in him; he always struck me as being only fit to be cooped up in a cage with his love to bill and coo, as you would confine two turtle-doves.”

“ And pray,” asked the archly smiling Emma, “ could you wish a happier fate with the woman you loved?”

“ Yes, dearest Emma, I should; and believe me, much as I love you, I doubt whether your

cage would confine me long. The bars would soon be broken, and your bird on the wing."

"I did not think you were so inclined to roam," replied Emma, looking at him rather reproachfully.

"To roam and to be confined are the two extremes; cannot you find a medium, dear Emma, between the two, that will agree better with me than either one or the other?"

"Your debate on the subject of your roving disposition," interrupted Lady de Clifford, "prevents my hearing the history of Mr. Rowley's marriage. Therefore, pray settle it, dear Hugh, with Emma to-morrow. And now, Arthur, proceed."

"I find," said Monteith, "that what I suspected was true; and that, before I left Paris, Rowley was in correspondence with Mrs. and Miss Ellice, for I find he shortly after met them in London, unknown to his father, who believed him to be at Paris. There he married his *bien aimée* privately, and, a few weeks afterwards, returned to France, and passed the summer at

Boulogne ; from whence he occasionally visited his young wife, as Mrs. Ellice became, in consequence, stationary in London.

“ Two months since, Sir Thomas Rowley was seized with an apoplectic fit whilst riding, and was brought home senseless ; and, before his son could arrive, he was dead. Immediately after the funeral had taken place, he acknowledged his marriage, and presented Miss Ellice as Lady Rowley to the neighbourhood. Her beauty and pleasing manners, I understand, have made her generally admired and liked. The mother has good sense enough to remain in her retreat that joins her son-in-law’s residence, and is never seen.”

This little story of their old acquaintance proved most interesting to both Lady de Clifford and Rosa, as Sir Henry Rowley, from his mild gentleman-like manners, had secured their approbation while at Paris.

The day after the arrival of the two young men, the frost became less severe, and there was every appearance of a thaw. In the course

of a few hours, the snow gradually disappeared, and little remained of the wintry clothing which had covered the ground for so many weeks. The tops of the distant hills alone shewed their unwillingness to resign their cold and cheerless hue for the bright green of spring. The mild weather determined Lady de Clifford to return to Baynham Abbey; and Lord Glanmore arriving at the appointed time to escort his daughter home, the happy party separated, Hugh alone remaining at Trelawney Castle, where some alterations which he was making, and the vicinity to Carshalton Place, made him wish to remain.

After passing six weeks in the country, Lord de Clifford engaged a large and handsome house in Hanover Square, to which his family immediately removed; and an invitation was sent to Lady Emma to join their family circle, preparatory to the double wedding taking place. This invitation was accepted with gratitude by Lord Glanmore, who felt most happy at having his daughter under the care of so amiable a

woman as Lady de Clifford, at the time when the loss of a mother must ever be deeply felt.

Lady de Clifford was fully aware of this, and, by her affection and kindness to Lady Emma, tried to prevent, in some degree, her feeling the loss of the parent of whom she had been so lately deprived.

Except a few public places, the opera, &c. this happy family confined themselves entirely at home, as it was settled that the two weddings were to take place three weeks after Emma joined them in London. Lady Montagu was to come up from Sidmouth, where she was staying for her health, and Lady Elphinstone had already arrived from Scotland, to be present at her niece's marriage. These were the only relatives invited, as it was the earnest request of Rosa and Emma that it should be as private as possible. But, as no happiness can be perfect in this world, Rosa learnt, with deep regret, that her brother Henry (who was now quartered with his regiment in Ireland) would not be able to attend, it being the time of the year when

officers are compelled to be with their regiments.

The twentieth of April, the day that was to decide the happiness of my hero and heroine, at length arrived. The ceremony was to take place at St. George's church, by special licence, at three o'clock in the afternoon. On that morning the anxious mother was in her beloved Rosa's room before she had left her bed. The conversation between them was long and interesting, and never did Rosa cease to remember the maternal solicitude, the warm affection, and anxious care expressed by her loved parent on that morning, when the plant she had so fondly reared, so carefully nurtured and trained to goodness and virtue, was to be resigned *for ever* to one, who, however she might consider him worthy of her daughter, she still felt was an acquaintance of only a few months, and that never could *his* affection equal *hers*. But was any selfish feeling ever mixed with a mother's love ? Ah ! no ; *her* own happiness is forgotten

in that of her child. To promote *hers* or *his* welfare is the sole aim, thought, and wish of maternal affection. Poverty is despised, death is courted, if we think to save the object of our fondest love. Deeply as Lady de Clifford felt the loss of Rosa, and the degree of isolation it would leave her in, from the distant home and country she had chosen, yet never did self for an instant tempt her to regret that she had promoted her daughter's happiness, although at the expence of her own.

A little before three o'clock, on the day I have named, the two lovely brides made their appearance in the drawing room. Both were dressed alike, in lace dresses, each with their bunch of orange flower, (emblematical of purity and chastity,) placed in their hair, with a deep blonde lace veil thrown over it, and which partly covered their countenances. Each in her different style of beauty looked most lovely; and de Clifford, while he fixed his pleased eyes on Emma, could not help the next moment turn-

ing them on the loved feature of his sister, with the proud feeling of a brother in seeing her so deserving of admiration.

Not so Monteith ; his feelings were solely called forth by his loved Rosa, and if he turned to look at Emma, it was only to seek by comparison the certainty that Rosa far surpassed her friend in personal attractions.

At the appointed hour the brides were handed to the carriages in waiting ; and, proceeding to the church, in little more than half-an-hour Emma was embraced by her father, and greeted by the name of de Clifford, and Rosa, (pressed in the affectionate arms of her mother,) by that of Monteith. They returned home for the purpose of changing their dresses, when Rosa, again kissed and embraced by her father and mother, set off with Monteith for Baynham Abbey, and de Clifford and Emma to a villa which he had engaged for six weeks in the neighbourhood of Richmond.

For the satisfaction of those who may be tempted to peruse these volumes, I will add, that the year after de Clifford's marriage his mother died in Germany. In the letter written on that occasion, by the Comte de la Roche Guyon to her son, he informed him that she had devised the whole of her property, of which, by the death of Marie, she had the power of disposing, to him, (the Count,) with the exception of five thousand pounds to Rosa. It was left to her at the particular request of Marie before her death, and Rosa was requested to consider it as the gift of her sister, and not as a legacy from the Comtesse.

THE END.

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